

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 8  
DEC.-JAN.

10¢

# MAD



H. Kurtz





GADZOOKS!  
MY JOY KNOWS  
NO BOUNDS! I  
HAVE JUST RECEIVED  
MY **E.C. FAN-ADDICT  
CLUB MEMBERSHIP  
KIT** WHICH INCLUDES  
A FULL COLOR  
7½X10½ ILLUMINATED  
**CERTIFICATE**, A STURDY  
WALLET **IDENTIFICATION  
CARD**, AN ATTRACTIVE  
EMBROIDERED  
**SHOULDER PATCH**,  
AND A STUNNING  
ANTIQUE BRONZE-  
FINISH BAS-  
RELIEF **PIN**. SO  
**WHAT!**

## SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH **25¢**. IF *FIVE OR MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH **25¢** FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY...* BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

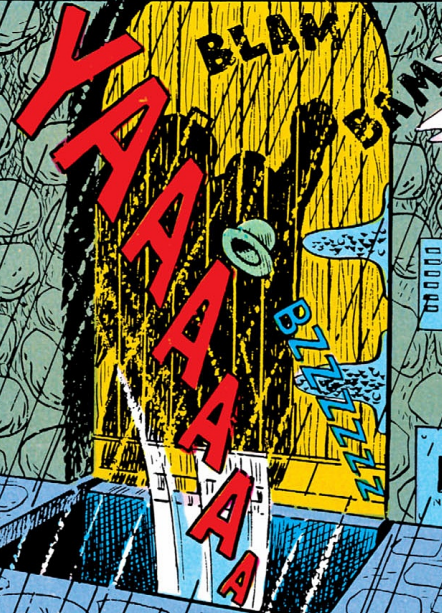




WHO  
ST DAS  
OLDT  
DERE?

DAS IST  
ME... **BUMBLE,**  
BOSS!

NIGHT DEPOSIT  
VAULT



DAS IST  
YOU, BUMBLE?  
DEN IF DAS IST  
YOU, I PUSH DER  
BUZZER TO DER  
FRONT DOOR  
UND LEDT  
YOU IN!

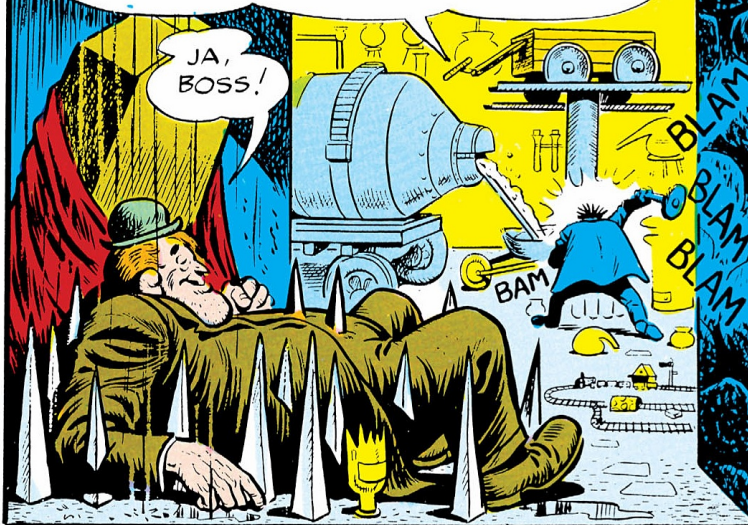
SODA-MAT

CUPS



BUMBLE! YOU GOT A WAY OF FUMBLING INTO MY LABORATORY, CHUST WHEN I AM IN DER MIDST OF MY MOST DELICATE EXPERIMENTS THAT TAKE DER GREATEST CONCENTRATION UND ATTENTION!

JA, BOSS!



HOW CAN I POSSIBLY DO DIS HERE CALCULATION DOT TAKES ONLY DER MOST DELICATE OPERATIONS UND DER MOST CAREFUL MACHINERY WIT DER TINY LIDDLE NEEDLES UND WHEELS UND I GOTTA PICK UP DER TEENCHY FILLAMENTS MIT DER TWEEZERS...

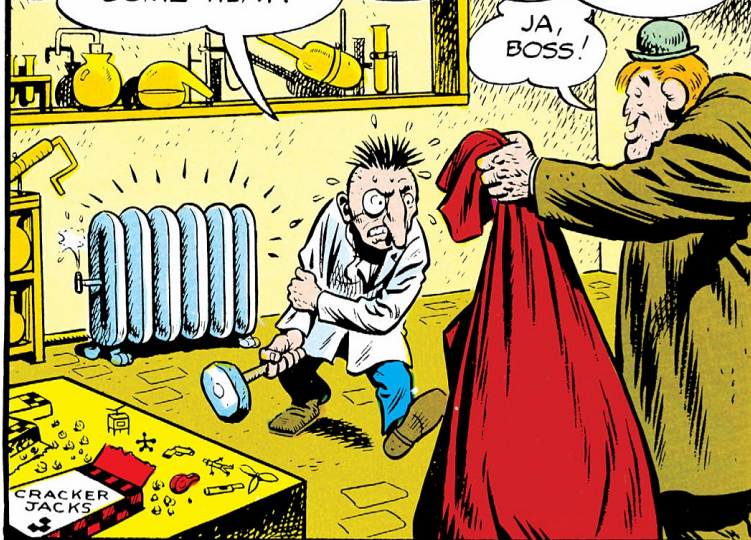
BLANG BLAM BLANG



PHIEW! DOT'S A TOUGH CHOB KNOCKING ON DER RADIATOR! NOW MAYBE DOT FERSHLUGGINER LANDLORD SENDS UP SOME HEAT!

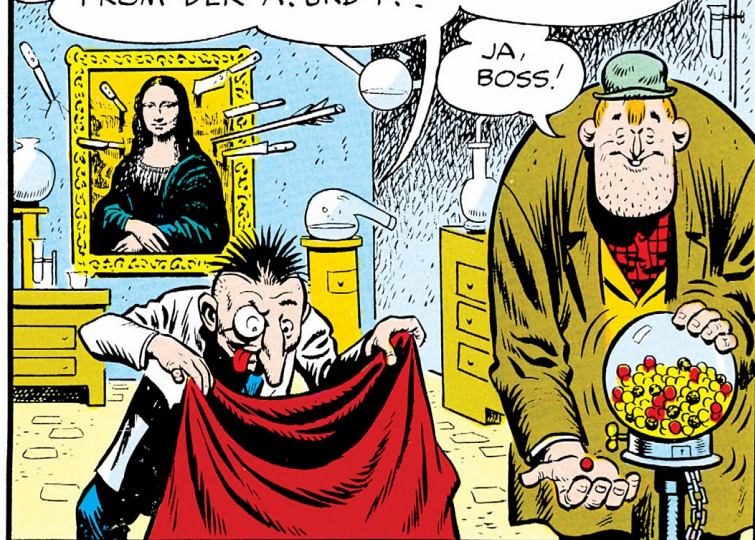
ZO, BUMBLE! DID YOU GET DER T'INGS I SENT YOU OUDT FOR?

JA, BOSS!



DID YOU GET DER CORPSES FROM DER GRAVEYARD, DER HUMAN HEARTS FROM DER MORGUE, DER LUNGS FROM DER HOSPITAL, DER RINSO UND DER HALAVAH UND DER 3¢ SOUP-GREENS FROM DER A. UND P.?

JA, BOSS!



GUTE!...GUTE GUTE! UND DESE CORPSES! DID YOU MAKE SURE DEY WAS NICE UND FRESH?

JA, BOSS!



'JA, BOSS! JA, BOSS!' ALL DER TIME YOU ISS SAYING, 'JA BOSS.' RAUSE MITT DER 'JA, BOSS'; HEY VILL YOU?

JA, BOSS!

DAS IST BETTER! ... DID YOU BRING ME DER CHANGE?

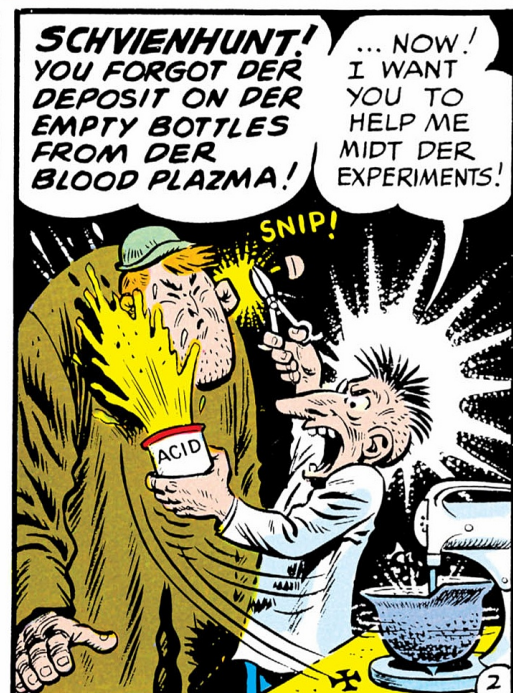
JA, BOSS!



SCHVIENHUNT! YOU FORGOT DER DEPOSIT ON DER EMPTY BOTTLES FROM DER BLOOD PLAZMA!

... NOW! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME MIDT DER EXPERIMENTS!

SNIP!



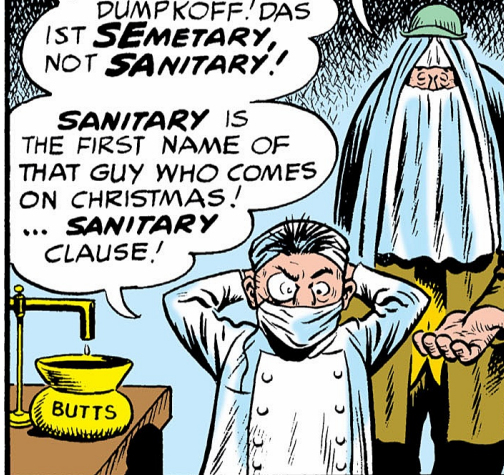


UND **NOW...VE OPERATE!** VE GOT TO MAKE EFFRYTING VERY **SANITARY!**

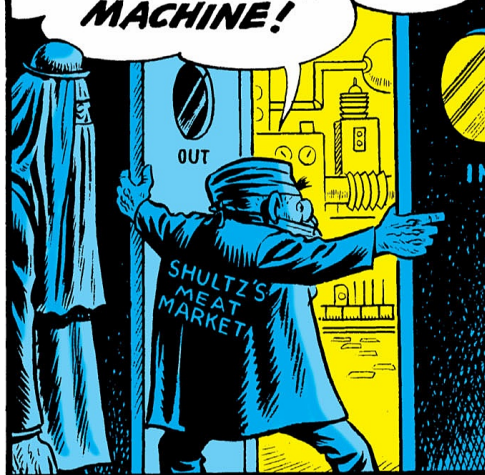
BUT BOSS! DAT'S WHERE I DUG UP DA BODIES FROM...THE **SANITARY!**

DUMPKOFF! DAS IST **SEMETARY,** NOT **SANITARY!**

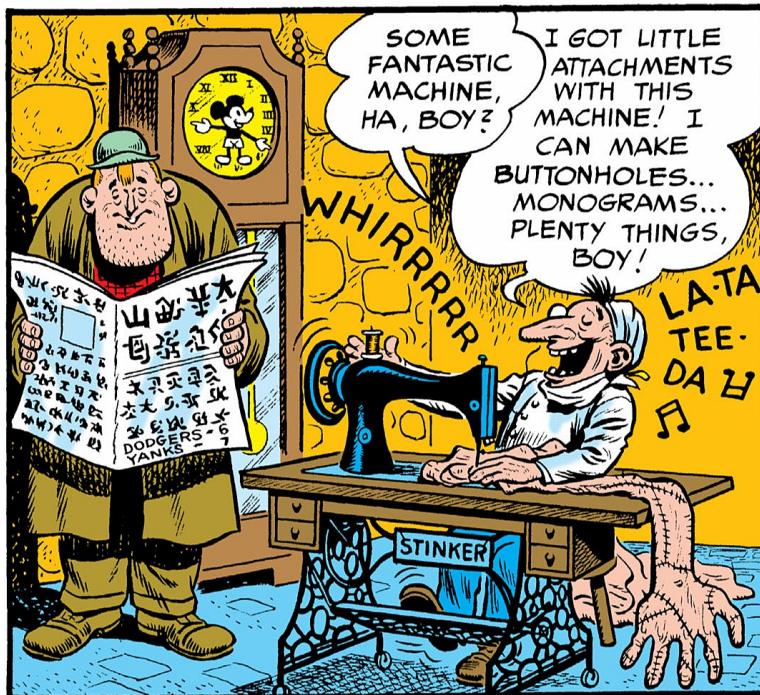
**SANITARY** IS THE FIRST NAME OF THAT GUY WHO COMES ON CHRISTMAS! ... **SANITARY** CLAUSE!



UND NOW DOT VE GOT DER HANDS CLEANED... DER FACE WASHED... DER STOCKINGS CHANGED...DER SHOES ON, AND DER NOSE BLOWED... WE GO... INTO DER **OPERATING ROOM** WHERE WE HAVE... **DER MACHINE!**



...**ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WORKING TO CREATE LIFE... TO TAKE DIFFERENT PORTIONS OF DEAD BODIES... PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND MAKE A NEW SUPERHUMAN BODY THAT LIVES... AND WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT MACHINE... WITH THIS FANTASTIC MACHINE I CAN DO IT! WITH THIS PHENOMENAL MACHINE I CAN PUT THE PORTIONS TOGETHER!**



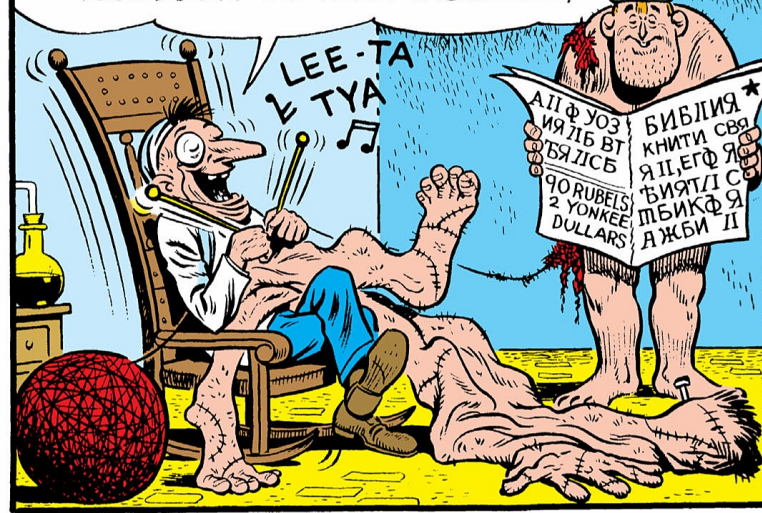
SOME FANTASTIC MACHINE, HA, BOY?

I GOT LITTLE ATTACHMENTS WITH THIS MACHINE! I CAN MAKE BUTTONHOLES... MONOGRAMS... PLENTY THINGS, BOY!

WHIRRRRR

LATA  
TEE-  
DA H

UND NOW TO GIVE IT DER HAND-STITCHING! YOU GOT TO HAVE DER HAND-STITCHING IN DER LAPELS UND IN DER SHOULDERS! IT IS A VUNDERBAR T'ING I GOT HERE... PLAIN PIPE RACKS, OR ELSE I COULD NEFER AFFORD TO SEW TOGEDDER DIS HERE MONSTER!

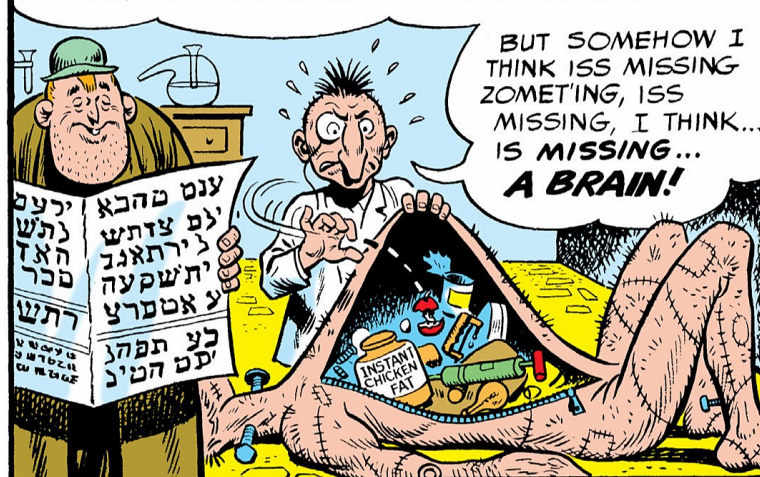


LEE-TA  
E TYA

АЛФУОЗ  
ИЯЛБВТ  
БЯЛСБ  
90 RUBELS  
2 YONKEE  
DOLLARS

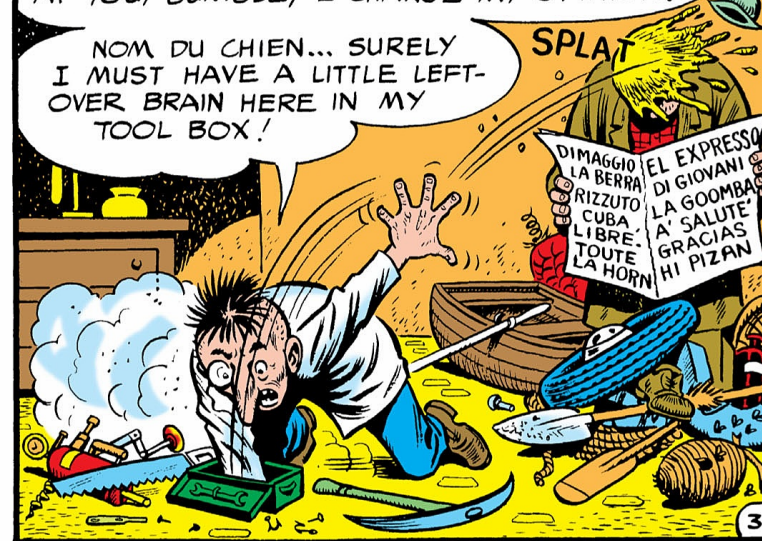
БИБЛИЯ  
КНИЖИ СВЯ  
Я И, ЕФ Я  
БЯТЛ С  
ПБКФ Я  
АЖБИ Я

**HA!... AT LAST! DER BODY IS COMPLETE!** NOW I GOT TO PUT DER **INSIDE** INTO DER **OUTSIDE!**... LET ME SEE NOW! FIRST I PUT IN A LITTLE **BIG** INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN... A LITTLE **LIDDLE** INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN A LITTLE **WISHBONE**... A LITTLE **FUNNY-BONE**... A PINCH OF SALT MIT A DASH OF PAPRIKA... UND A SPLASH OF SCOTCH...



BUT SOMEHOW I THINK ISS MISSING ZOMET'ING, ISS MISSING, I THINK... IS MISSING... **A BRAIN!**

**ACH DU LIEBER! HOW CAN I COMPLETE MY EXPERIMENT WITHOUT A BRAIN?** A MAN CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT A BRAIN... CAN HE, BUMBLE?...WAIT A MINUTE! AFTER LOOKING AT YOU, BUMBLE, I CHANGE MY OPINION!



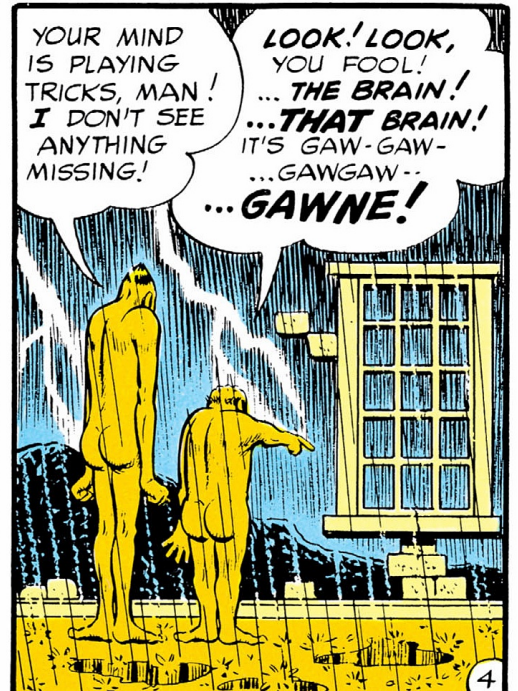
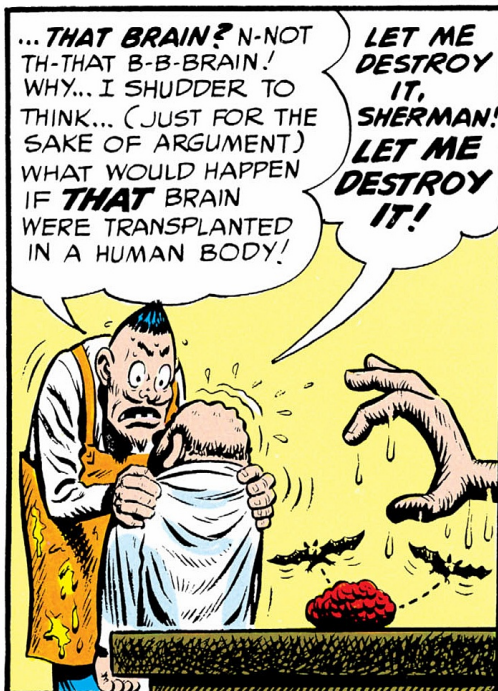
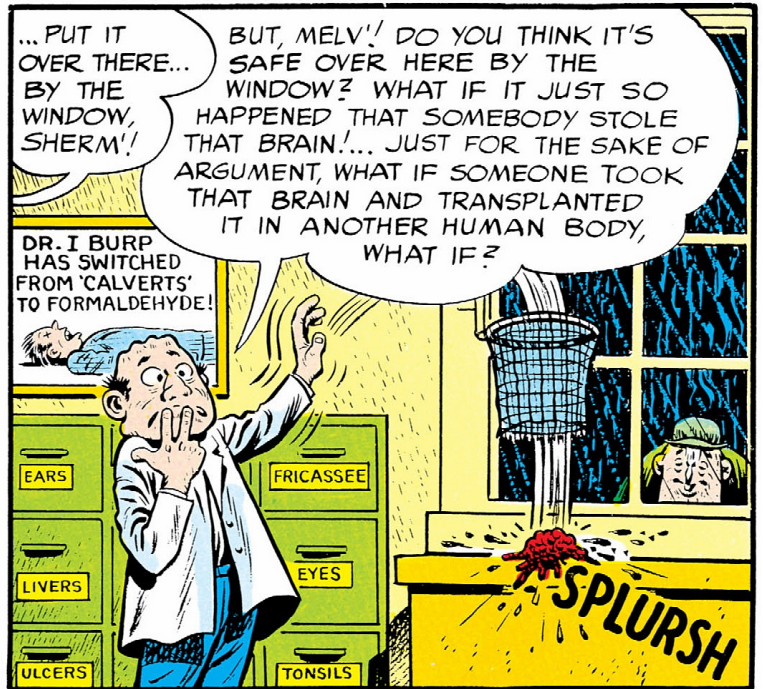
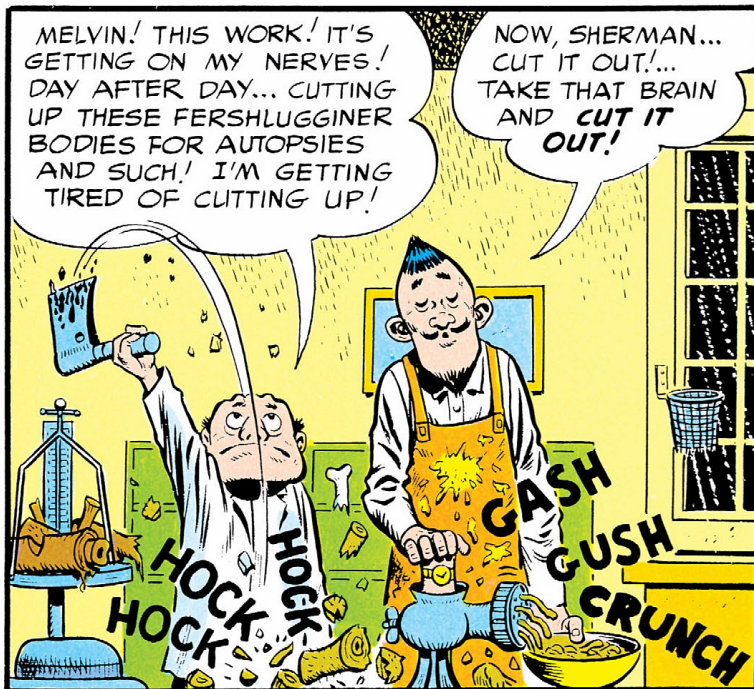
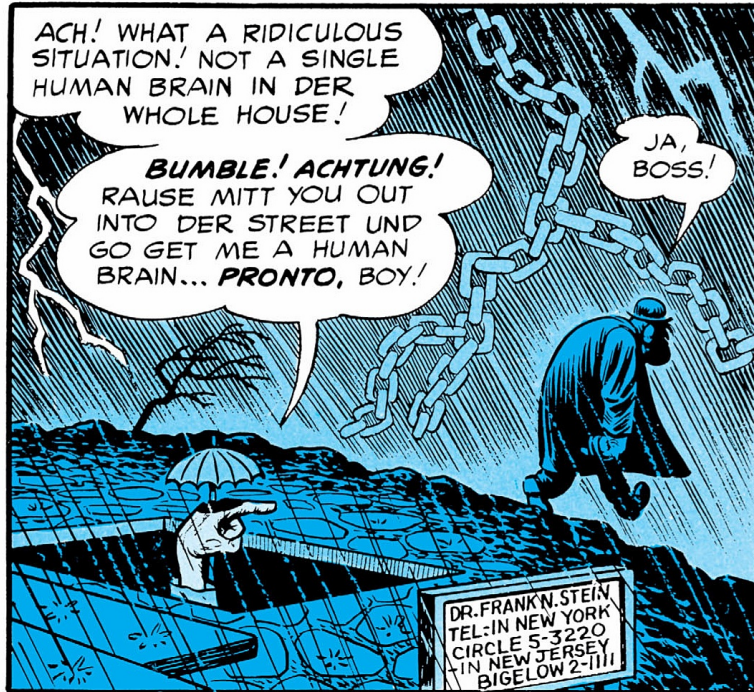
NOM DU CHIEN... SURELY I MUST HAVE A LITTLE LEFT-OVER BRAIN HERE IN MY TOOL BOX!

SPLAT

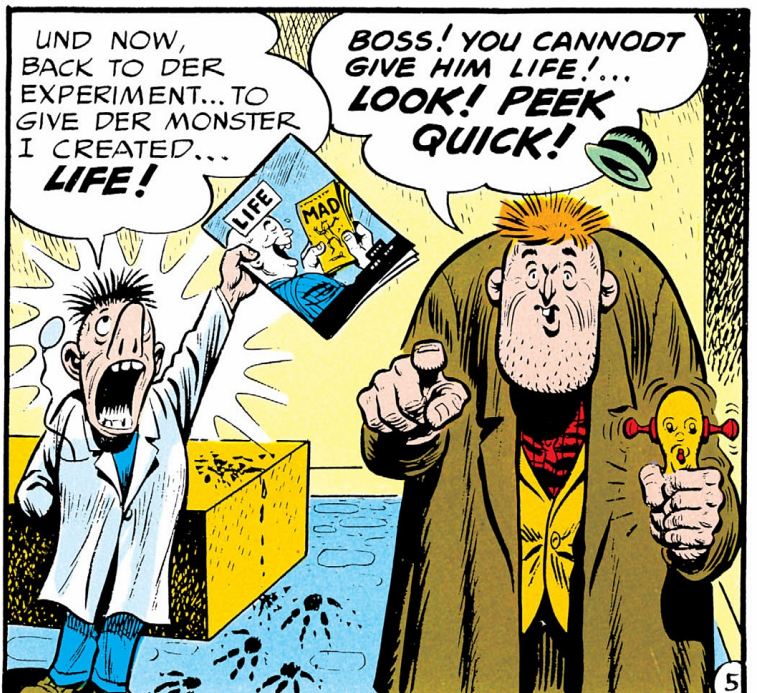
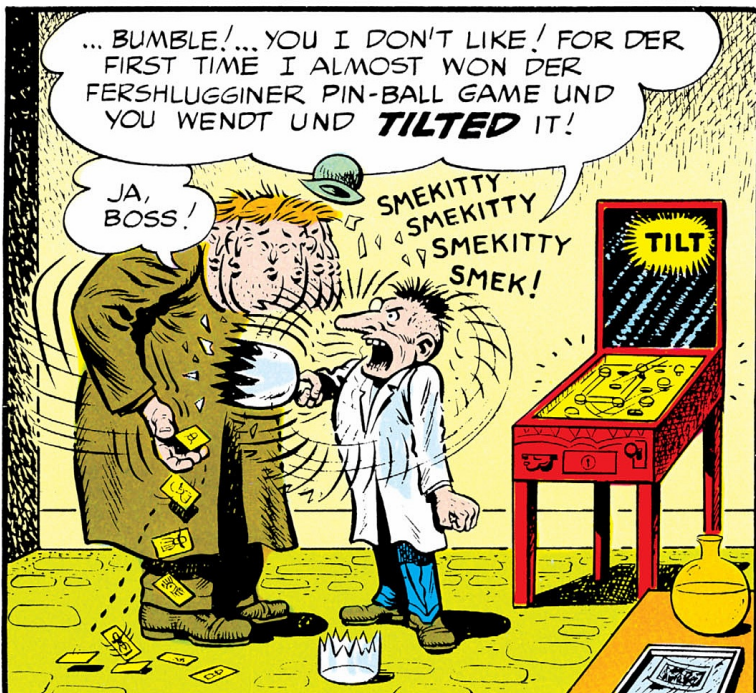
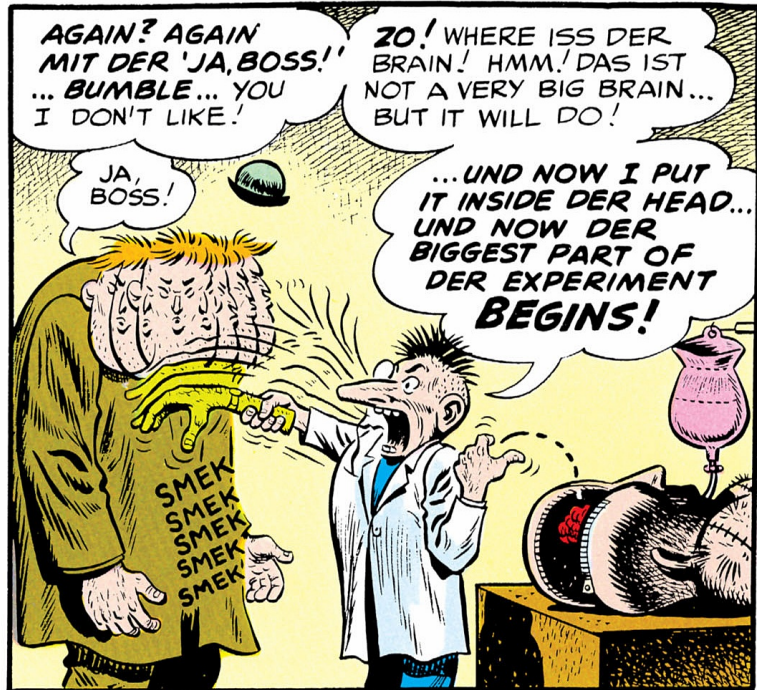
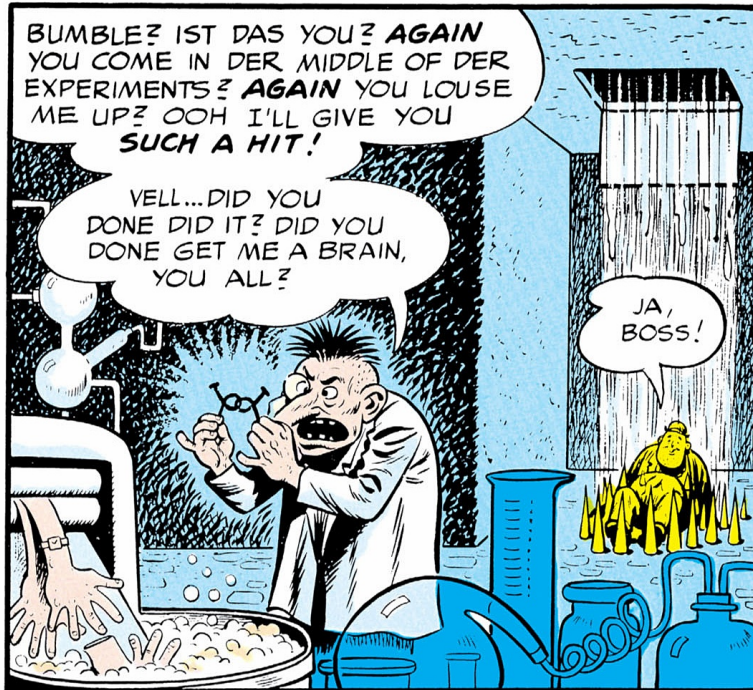
DIMAGGIO  
LA BERRA  
RIZZUTO  
CUBA  
LIBRE  
TOUTE  
LA HORN

EL EXPRESSO  
DI GIOVANI  
LA GOOMBA  
A' SALUTE  
GRACIAS  
HI PIZAN

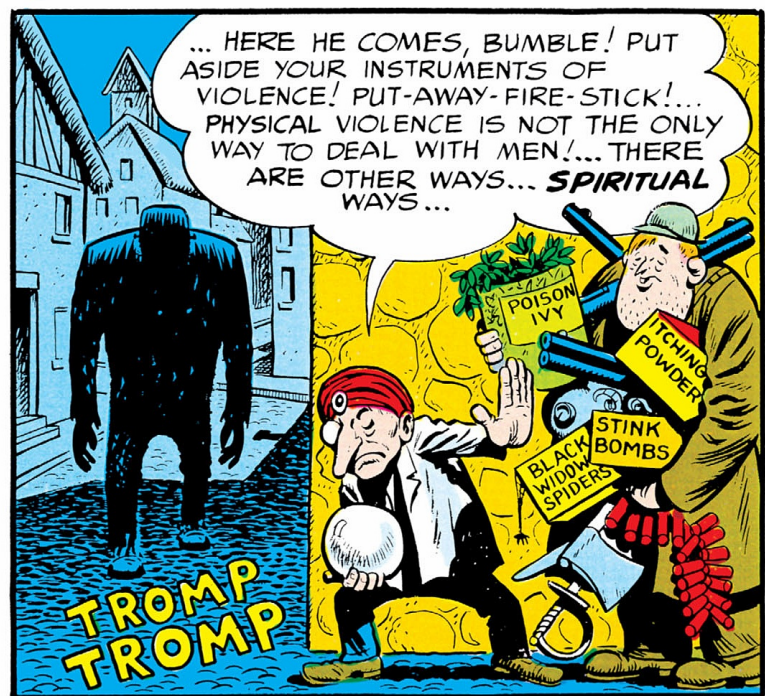
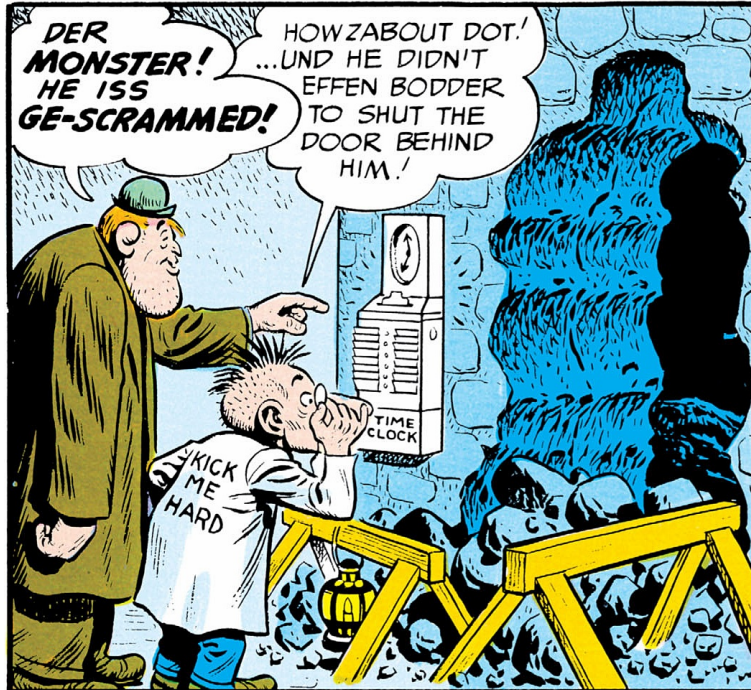




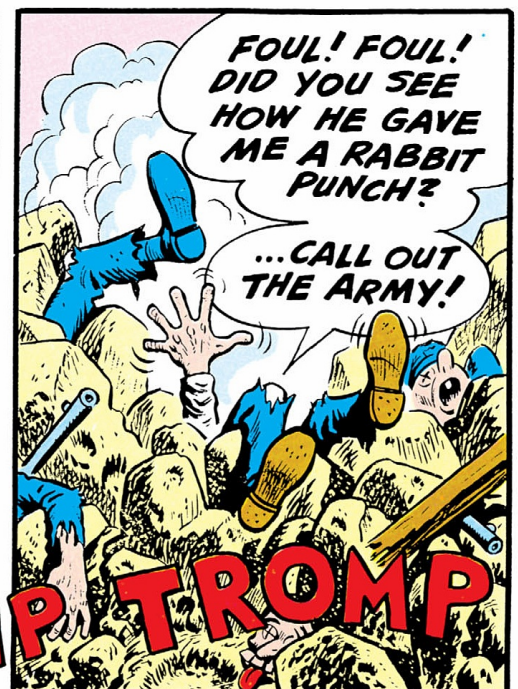
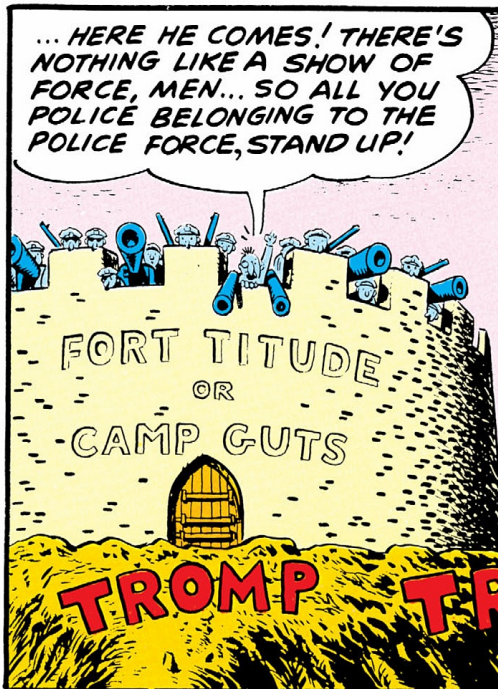
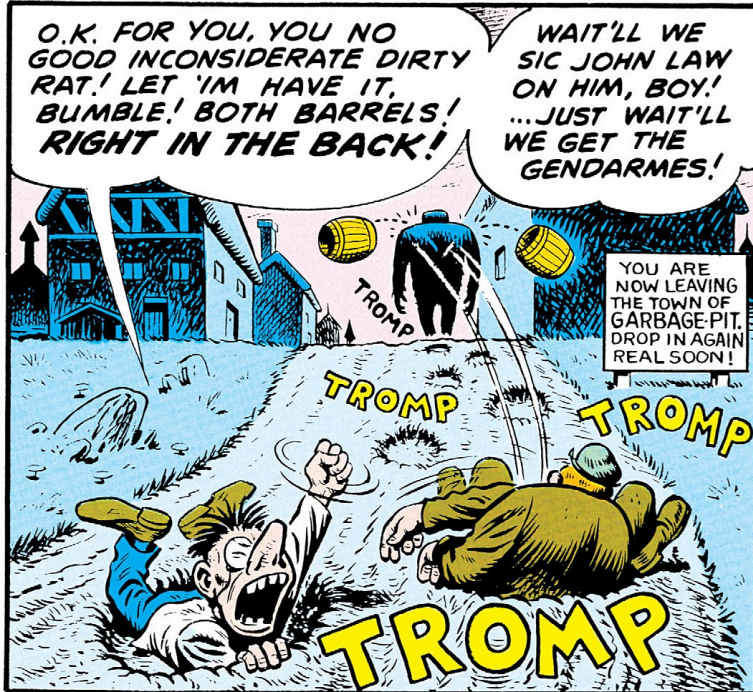




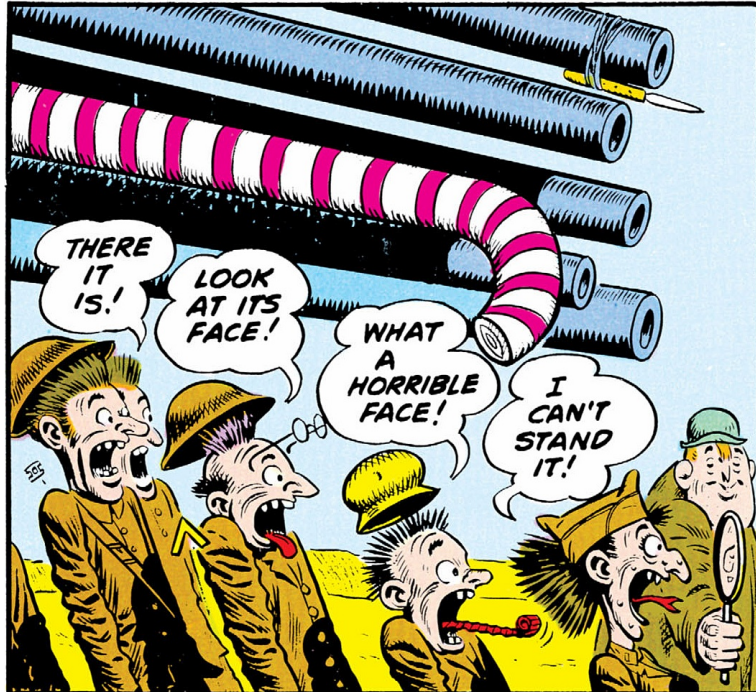










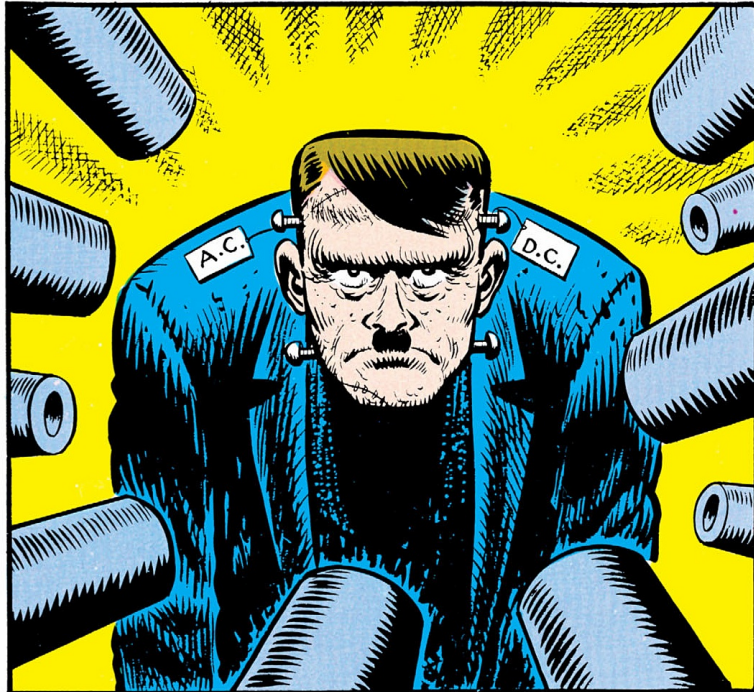


THERE IT IS!

LOOK AT ITS FACE!

WHAT A HORRIBLE FACE!

I CAN'T STAND IT!



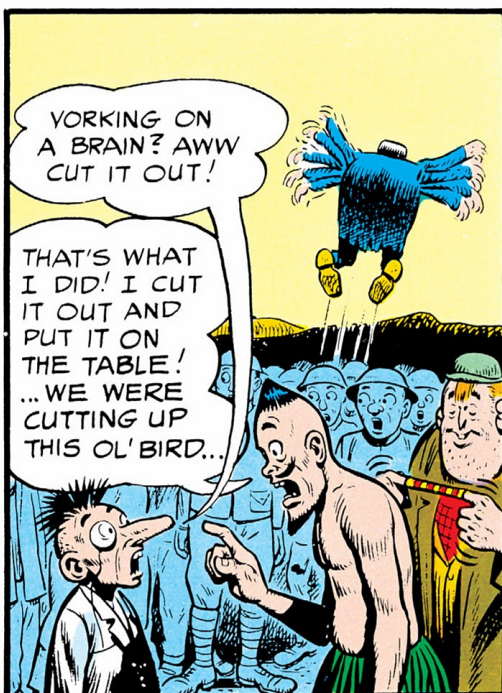
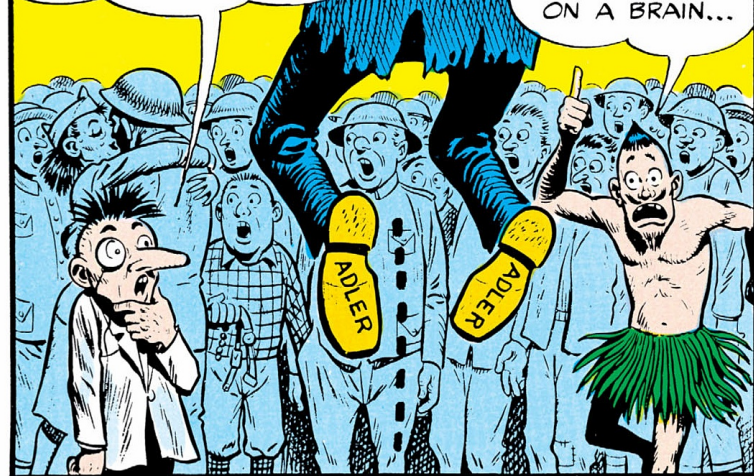
VELL, CHENTLEMEN... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TEDIOUS CHASE! YOU HAF ALL STAYED MIT ME UNTIL NOW, WE ARE GATHERED TOGEDDER IN A BUNCH UND WE GOT DIS MONSTER SURROUNDED SO DOT HE CANNOT **POSSIBLY** ESCAPE! UND ZO DERE ISS ONLY ONE MORE T'ING I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, MY DEAR FRIENDS WHO ARE GATHERED HERE...  
**BREAK IT UP!**

...HEY! WHAT'S DOT MONSTER DOING?



ACH DU LIEBER! UND LAND SAKES! ... HE ISS ESCAPING! HE ISS FLYING UP IN DER AIR!... CAN DIS BE **POSSIBLE?**

YES! IT CAN BE POSSIBLE! I AM MELVIN! I WORK IN THE UNEEDA LABORATORY! I WAS WORKING ON A BRAIN...



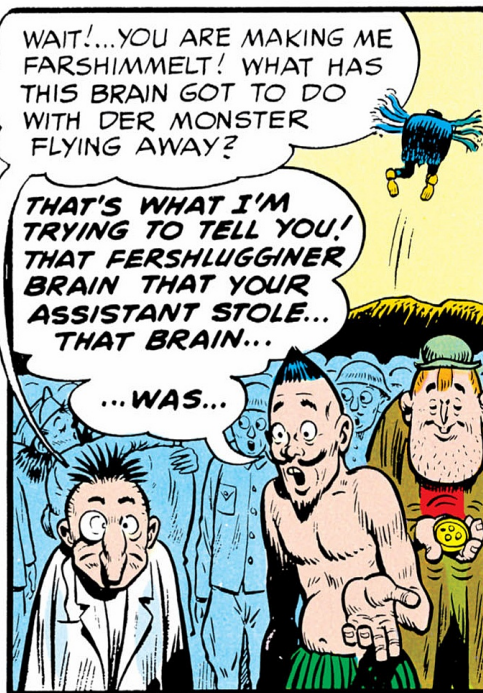
YORKING ON A BRAIN? AWW CUT IT OUT!

THAT'S WHAT I DID! I CUT IT OUT AND PUT IT ON THE TABLE! ...WE WERE CUTTING UP THIS OL' BIRD...

WAIT!...YOU ARE MAKING ME FARSHIMMELT! WHAT HAS THIS BRAIN GOT TO DO WITH DER MONSTER FLYING AWAY?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! THAT FERSHLUGGINER BRAIN THAT YOUR ASSISTANT STOLE... THAT BRAIN...

...WAS...

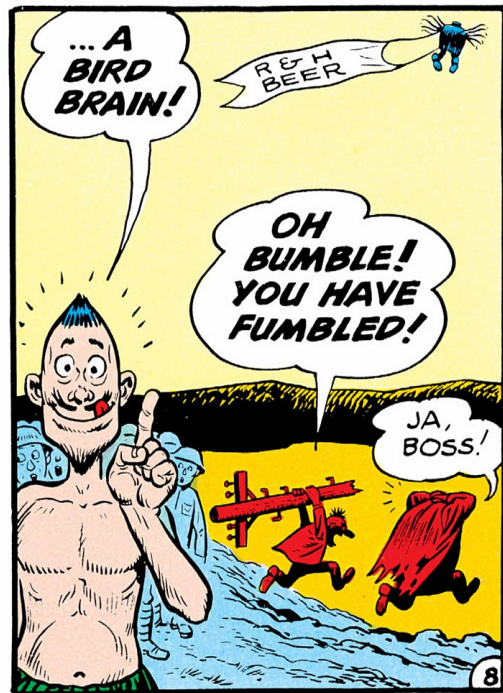


...A **BIRD BRAIN!**

R&H BEER

OH **BUMBLE!** YOU HAVE **FUMBLLED!**

JA, BOSS!

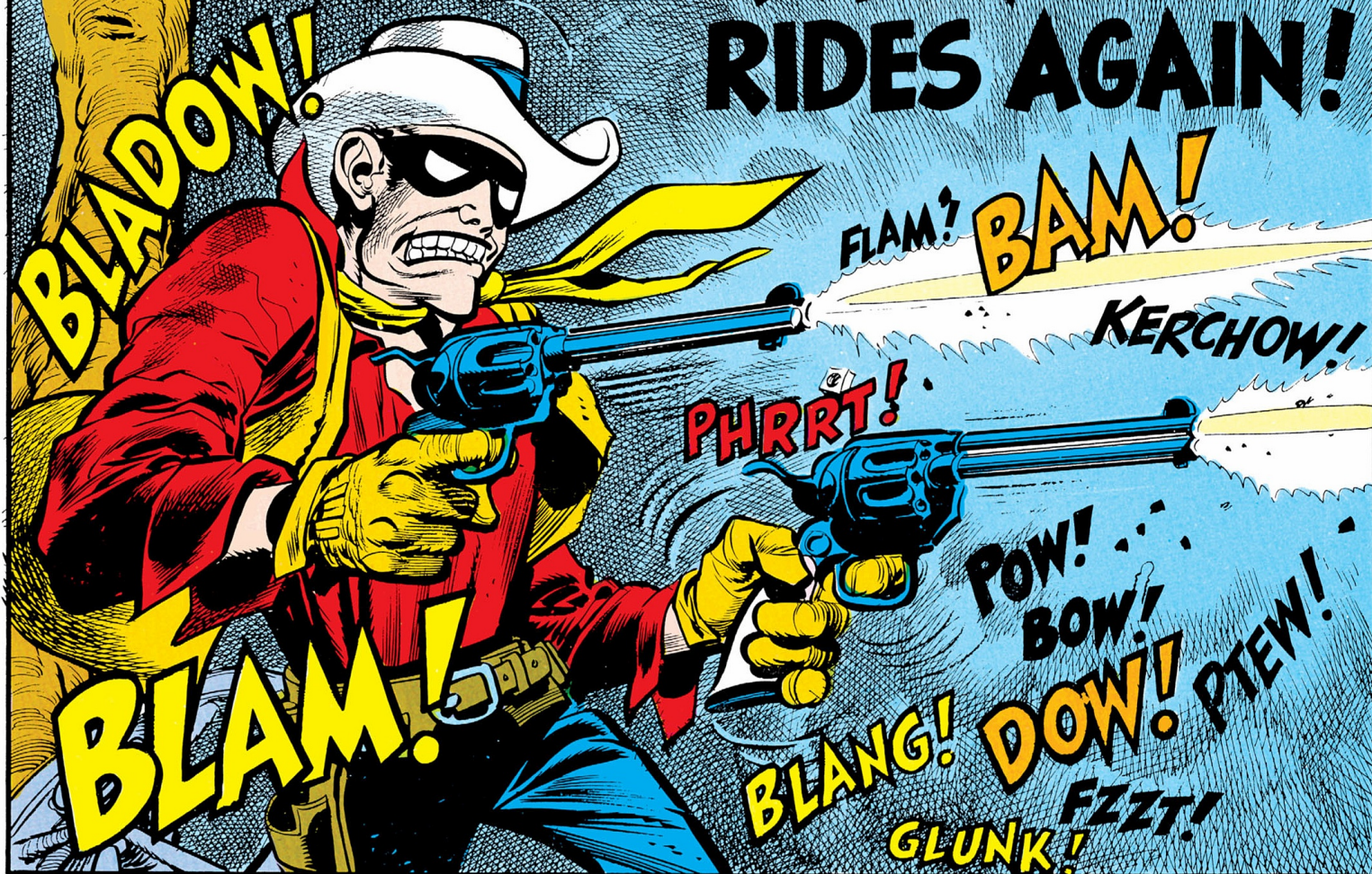




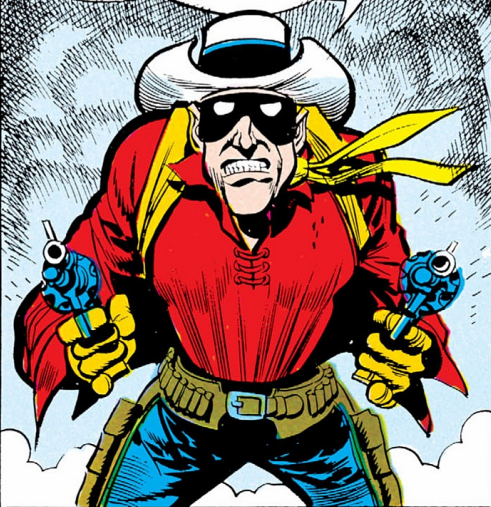
**WESTERN DEPT.:** THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR... TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...

# LONE STRANGER

## RIDES AGAIN!



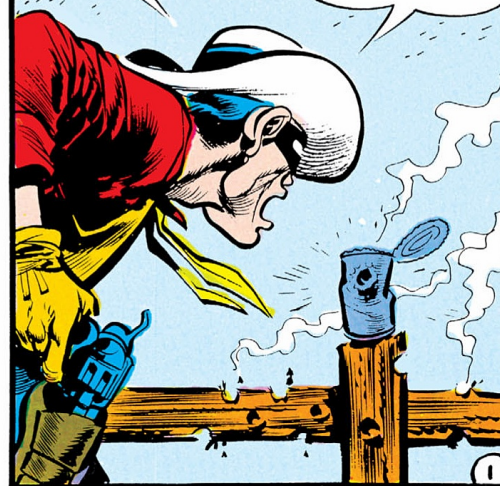
...MY SIX THUNDERING TWO-GUNS... I MEAN MY TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS...ARE SILENT... OUT OF BULLETS! I AM **DEFENSELESS!**



... BUT I DON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLETS! MY GUNS HAVE DONE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK! MY BULLETS HAVE FOUND THEIR TARGET!

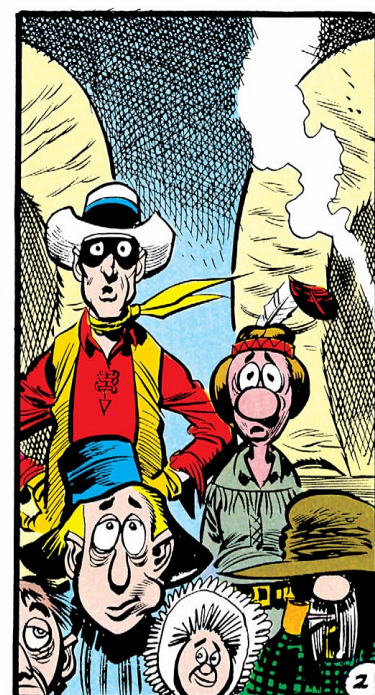
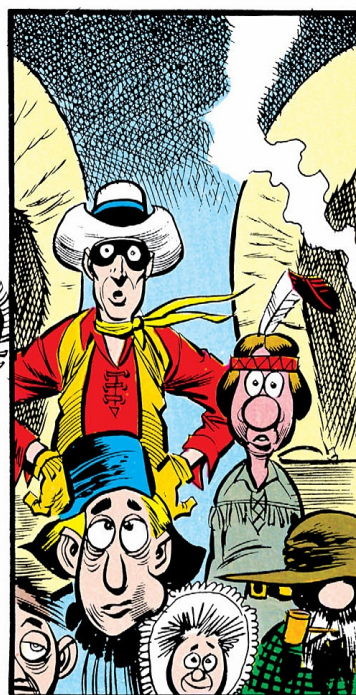
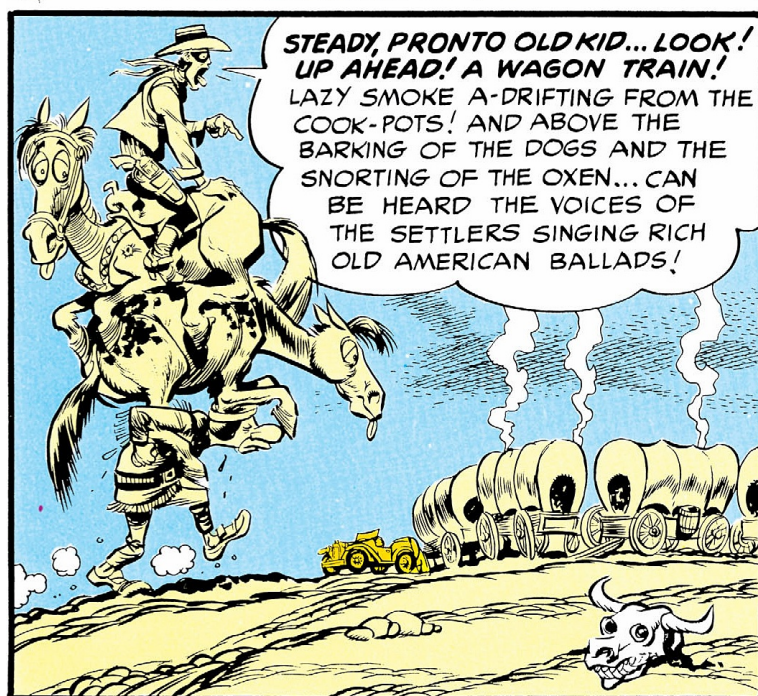
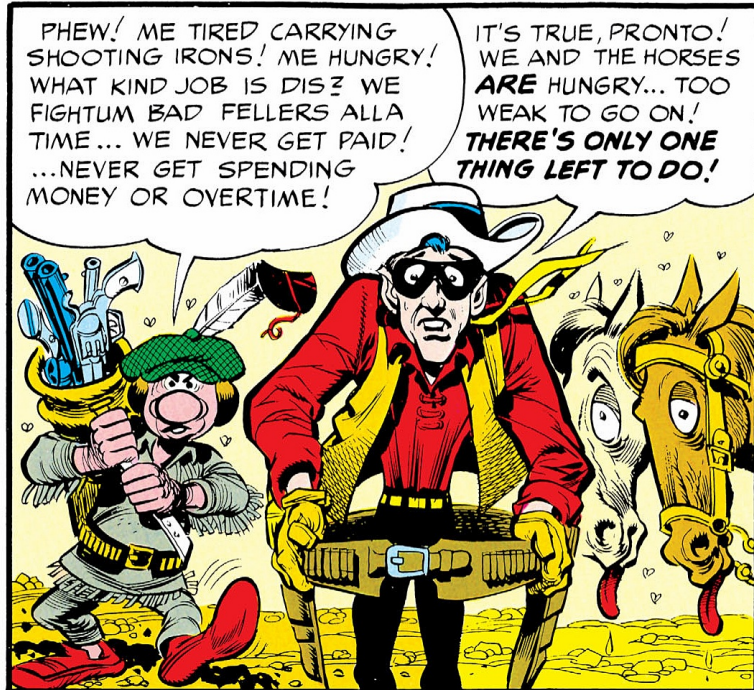
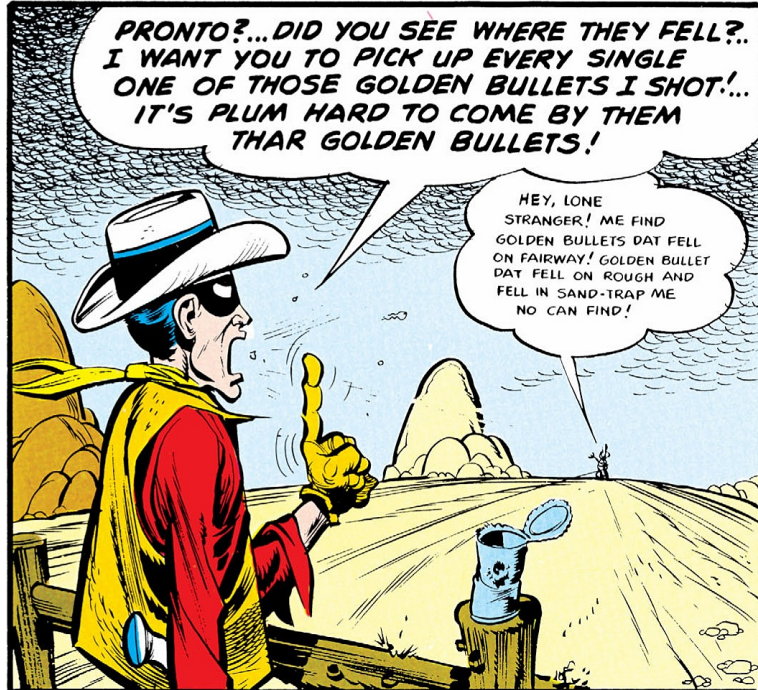


WELL... ANYHOW... **ONE** OF MY BULLETS FOUND THE TARGET!

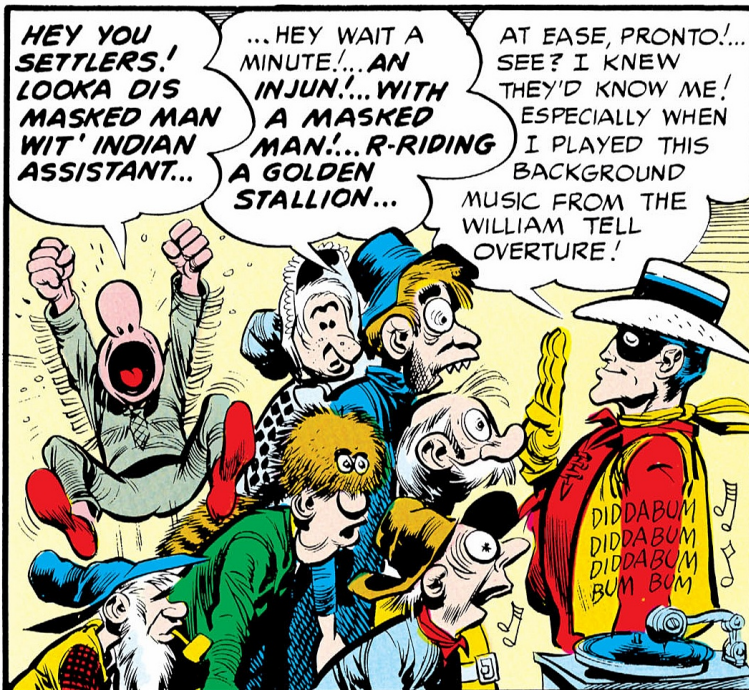


... WHERE'S PRONTO! ...**PRONTO**, YOU OLD RAP-SCALLION!





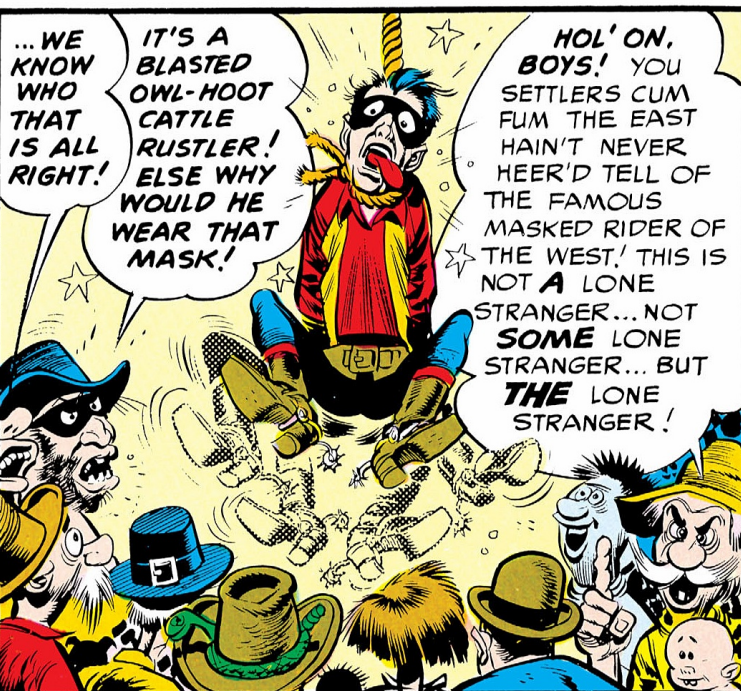




HEY YOU  
SETTLERS!  
LOOKA DIS  
MASKED MAN  
WIT' INDIAN  
ASSISTANT...

...HEY WAIT A  
MINUTE!... AN  
INJUN!... WITH  
A MASKED  
MAN!... R-RIDING  
A GOLDEN  
STALLION...

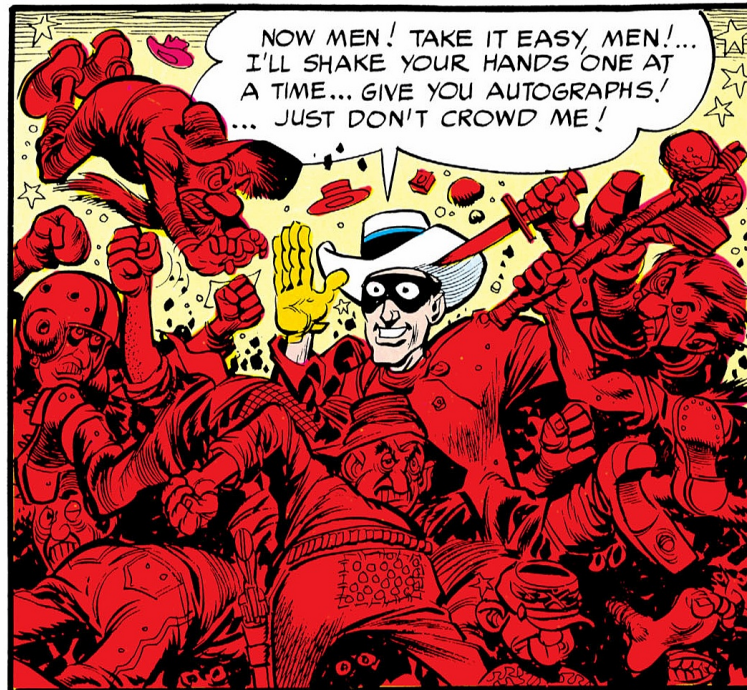
AT EASE, PRONTO!...  
SEE? I KNEW  
THEY'D KNOW ME!  
ESPECIALLY WHEN  
I PLAYED THIS  
BACKGROUND  
MUSIC FROM THE  
WILLIAM TELL  
OVERTURE!



...WE  
KNOW  
WHO  
THAT  
IS ALL  
RIGHT!

IT'S A  
BLASTED  
OWL-HOOT  
CATTLE  
RUSTLER!  
ELSE WHY  
WOULD HE  
WEAR THAT  
MASK!

HOL' ON,  
BOYS! YOU  
SETTLERS CUM  
FUM THE EAST  
HAIN'T NEVER  
HEER'D TELL OF  
THE FAMOUS  
MASKED RIDER OF  
THE WEST! THIS IS  
NOT A LONE  
STRANGER... NOT  
**SOME** LONE  
STRANGER... BUT  
**THE** LONE  
STRANGER!



NOW MEN! TAKE IT EASY, MEN!...  
I'LL SHAKE YOUR HANDS ONE AT  
A TIME... GIVE YOU AUTOGRAPHS!  
... JUST DON'T CROWD ME!



THE  
LONE  
STRAN-  
GER???

ALLAH!

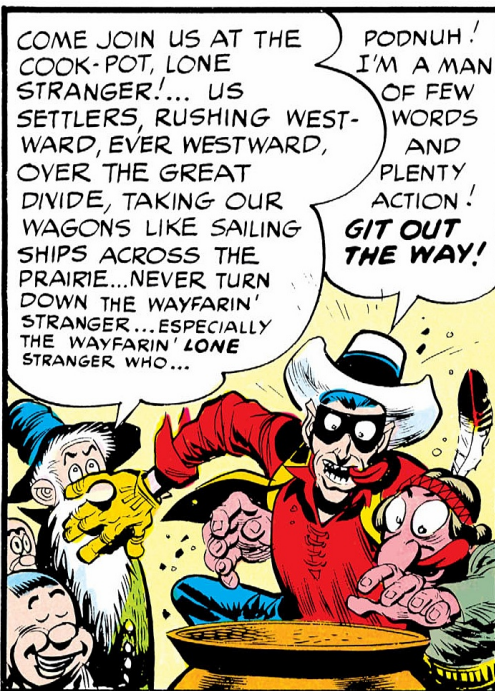
ALLAH!  
AKBAR!

ALLAH!

ALLAH!

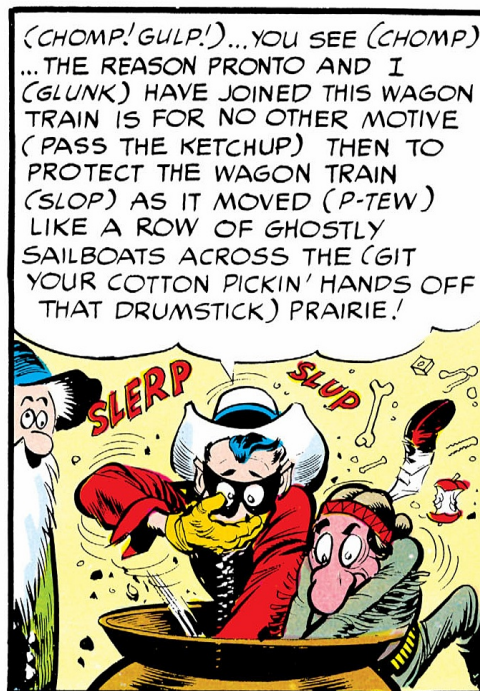
ALLAH!

ALLAH!

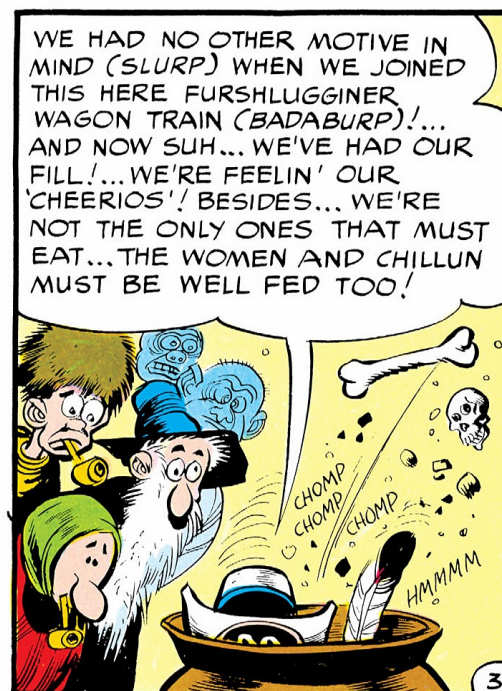


COME JOIN US AT THE  
COOK-POT, LONE  
STRANGER!... US  
SETTLERS, RUSHING WEST-  
WARD, EVER WESTWARD,  
OVER THE GREAT  
DIVIDE, TAKING OUR  
WAGONS LIKE SAILING  
SHIPS ACROSS THE  
PRAIRIE... NEVER TURN  
DOWN THE WAYFARIN'  
STRANGER... ESPECIALLY  
THE WAYFARIN' LONE  
STRANGER WHO...

PODNUH!  
I'M A MAN  
OF FEW  
WORDS AND  
PLENTY  
ACTION!  
**GIT OUT  
THE WAY!**



(CHOMP! GULP!)... YOU SEE (CHOMP)  
... THE REASON PRONTO AND I  
(GLUNK) HAVE JOINED THIS WAGON  
TRAIN IS FOR NO OTHER MOTIVE  
(PASS THE KETCHUP) THEN TO  
PROTECT THE WAGON TRAIN  
(SLOP) AS IT MOVED (P-TEW)  
LIKE A ROW OF GHOSTLY  
SAILBOATS ACROSS THE (GIT  
YOUR COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFF  
THAT DRUMSTICK) PRAIRIE!



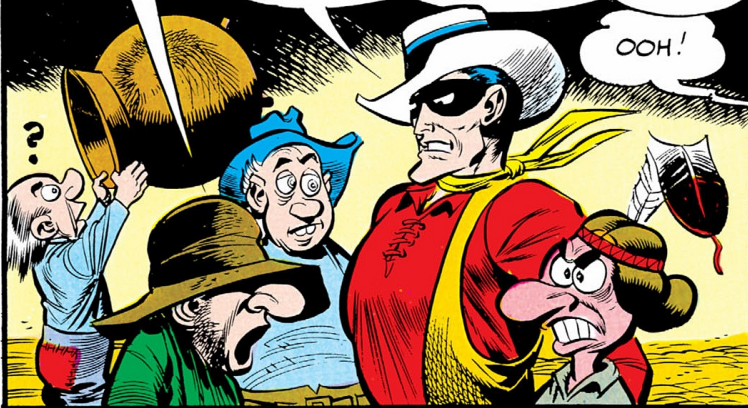
WE HAD NO OTHER MOTIVE IN  
MIND (SLURP) WHEN WE JOINED  
THIS HERE FURSHLUGINER  
WAGON TRAIN (BADABURP)!...  
AND NOW SUH... WE'VE HAD OUR  
FILL!... WE'RE FEELIN' OUR  
'CHEERIOS'! BESIDES... WE'RE  
NOT THE ONLY ONES THAT MUST  
EAT... THE WOMEN AND CHILLUN  
MUST BE WELL FED TOO!



WELL, LONE STRANGER, YOU'LL PROBABLY WAN'T TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM YOUR BOOTS AND TIDY UP GENERALLY, EH WOT?

NO HURRY, SUH! FOR WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM MY BOOTS?... MY LIFE IS CHASIN' OWL HOOTS... BRINGIN' OUTLAWS TO JUSTICE!... MY LIFE IS A HE-MAN LIFE... MOVIN' LIKE A SAILING SHIP ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WHERE MEN ARE MEN!... I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH WOMEN!

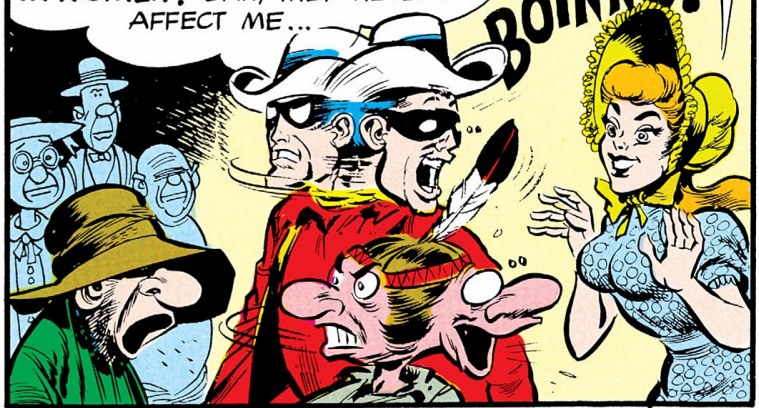
OOH!



...FOR WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM MY BOOTS WITH A HE-MAN LIFE LIKE MINE? I GOT NO GIRL-FRIENDS! **POOEY! WHO WANTS GIRL-FRIENDS!** THERE'S NOTHING AS STIRRING AS THE LONE CAYOTE'S HOWL UNDER THE FULL MOON... THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! ... **WOMEN?** BAH, THEY NEVER AFFECT ME...

OOOH!... IS THIS THE MASKED MAN AND HIS PARTNER, PRONTO? ...OOOH!... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU!

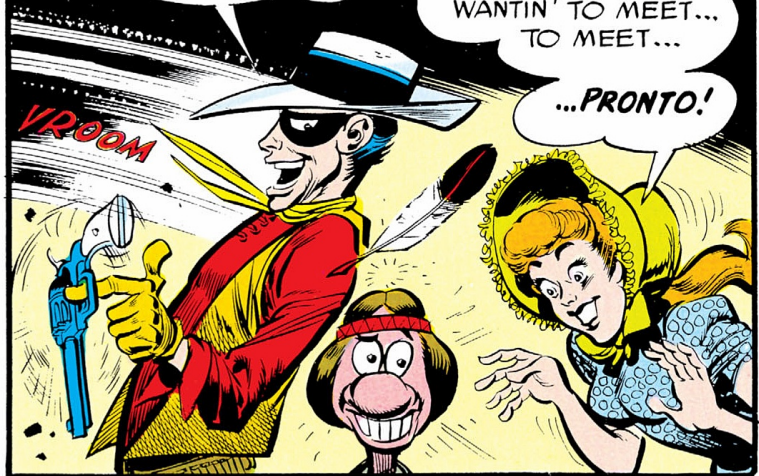
**BOING!**



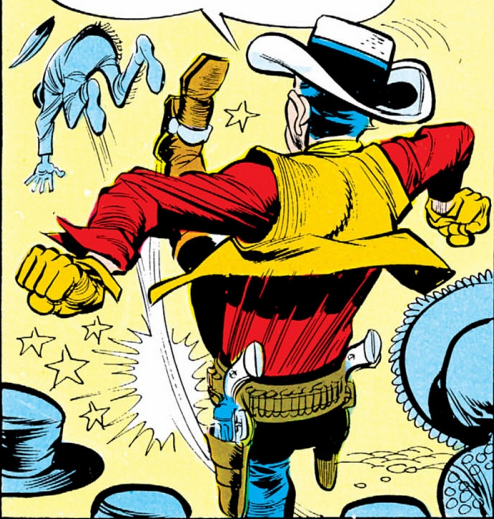
...AS I WAS A-SAYIN'... WHAT'S NEW DERE, FELLERS? HOW ARE THE GIANTS DOING? ANY GOOD MOVIES IN TOWN? ANYBODY 'ROUND HERE WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES?

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A-HOPIN' AND A-PRAYIN' TO MEET THE KEEPER OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST!... I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WANTIN' TO MEET... TO MEET...

...PRONTO!



PRONTO, YOU OLD CURMUDGEON! ... DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GO INTO TOWN AND LISTEN IN TO CONVERSATIONS OF FELLERS IN BARROOMS?



THAT PRONTO IS GETTING MIGHTY UPPITY THESE DAYS!... **NOW!**... TO GET DOWN TO PROTECTING THIS WAGON TRAIN!... I HAVE A FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE **CLOSE!**



I HAVE A **DEFINITE** FEELING THAT THAT MYSTERIOUS CHIEF **WONGA** AND HIS TRIBE OF BLOODTHIRSTY INJUNS ARE **VERY CLOSE!** I HAVE THIS **VERY DEFINITE...** THIS **VERY VERY DEFINITE FEELING!**





ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE OUT AND LOOK FOR INDIAN-SIGN!

...BUT LONE STRANGER!... WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU RODE OUT ON YOUR HORSE!

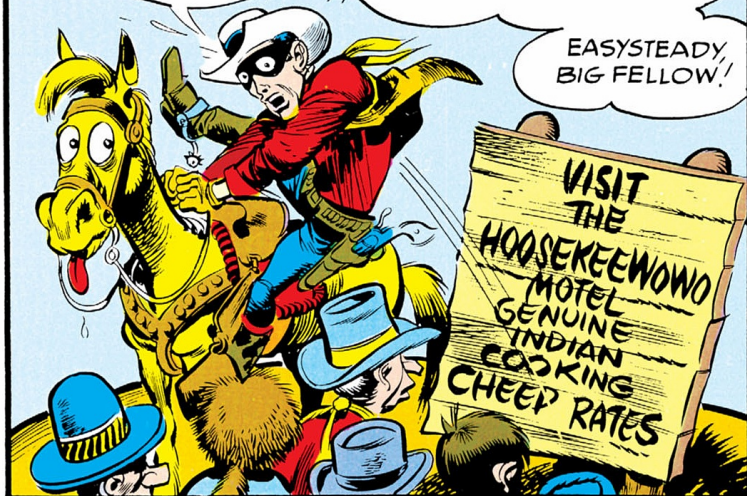
I CAN'T! NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE THIS DEFINITE FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE NEAR!



AHA! LOOK OVER HERE! IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ...INDIAN-SIGN!

...NOW THAT MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED... THAT THERE ARE INJUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD... I HAVE WORK TO DO! I'VE GOT RIDING TO DO!

EASYPEASY, BIG FELLOW!



ACCORDING TO THE INDIAN-SIGN I RECKON THE INJUNS WENT THATAWAY!

RIGHT! SO...

HI YO  
GOLDEN...  
HAWAAAAAAAY  
VOOM

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN'... THE LONE STRANGER IS DISAPPEARING OVER THE HORIZON!... DESERTING US!

FALSE! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN'... THE LONE STRANGER IS COMING BACK FROM OVER THE HORIZON! HE'S STAYING WITH US!



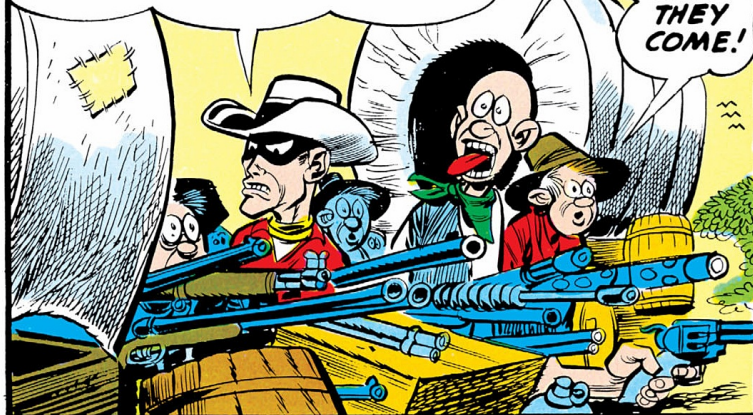
DUMKOPF! YOU RECKONED ALL WRONG! THE INJUNS DONE WENT THATAWAY!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! CHIEF WONGA AND HIS OOKABOLLAWONGA TRIBE ARE THE BLOODIEST BAND OF INDIANS THIS SIDE OF THE PECOS! KEEP THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE! WE'LL FIGHT TO THE END! THERE'LL BE NO QUARTER GIVEN AND NO QUARTER ASKED... JUST MAYBE A NICKEL AND COUPLE HALF DOLLARS!

PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LET 'EM SCALP ME!

LOOK! HERE THEY COME!





**LONE STRANGER!  
LONE STRANGER!  
WHY AREN'T  
YOU FIRING?**

...FIRE?...AND  
WASTE MY  
GOLDEN  
BULLETS? IT'S  
PLUMB HARD TO  
COME BY THEM  
GOLDEN BULLETS!

**PTOW  
BANG**

**BLAP  
PIET**

LISTEN, YOU SETTLERS! I HAVE  
A PLAN! HITCH UP THE WAGONS!  
SADDLE THE HORSES! BATTEN  
THE HATCHES! WHILE THE WAGON  
TRAIN MAKES A RUN FOR IT...  
**ONE** MAN'S GOT TO STAY  
BEHIND AND HOLD OFF THE  
INDIANS!...THAT MAN'LL PROBABLY BE  
KILLED OR CAPTURED AND PUT  
TO HORRIBLE DEATH BY THE  
MYSTERIOUS CHIEF WONGA...

...BUT THERE'S **NO OTHER WAY!**  
**I CANNOT** LET ANY OF YOU  
SETTLERS BE SACRIFICED!...**GO**  
THEN!... **PLEASE!**...**NO GOODBYES!**  
...**JUST GO** AND **DON'T LOOK**  
**BACK!**... WE BOTH REALIZE THAT  
THERE IS ONLY **ONE** MAN FOR  
THIS JOB...

**PRONTO**

PRONTO!  
HO,  
PRONTO!  
I GOT A  
JOB FOR  
YOU!

HAH, BOY! IT JUST  
GOES TO SHOW!  
JUST WHEN I NEED  
THAT PRONTO, HE'S  
GONE!

OH WELL! IF  
THE SETTLERS  
**INSIST**, I'LL STAY  
AND HOLD BACK  
THE REDSKINS!

**HYA!  
HYAAA! HO!  
HEY!**

O.K.,  
CHUM!  
**REACH  
FER  
THE SKY!**

**FINGERS!  
FINGERS!**

HO BOY!  
WE GOT  
PRISONER!  
LET'S  
SCALP-UM!

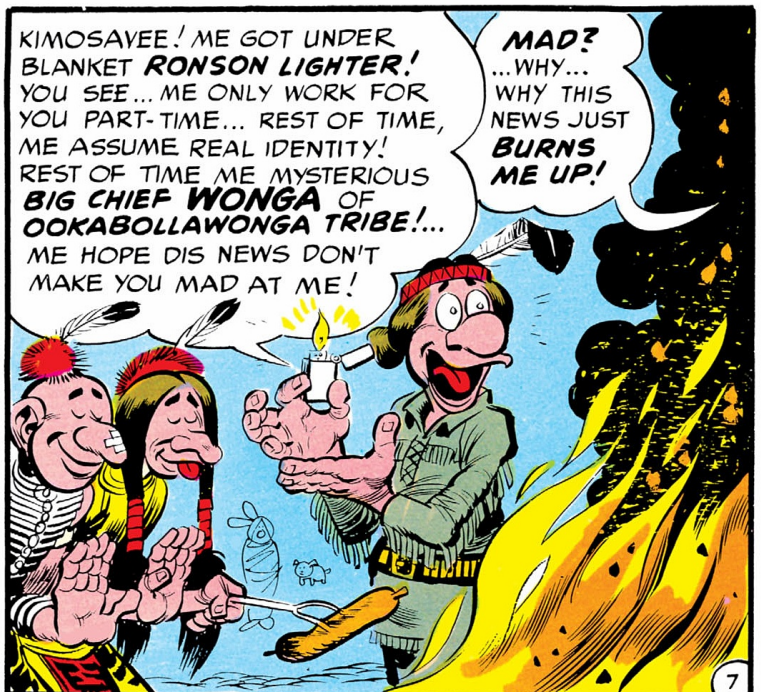
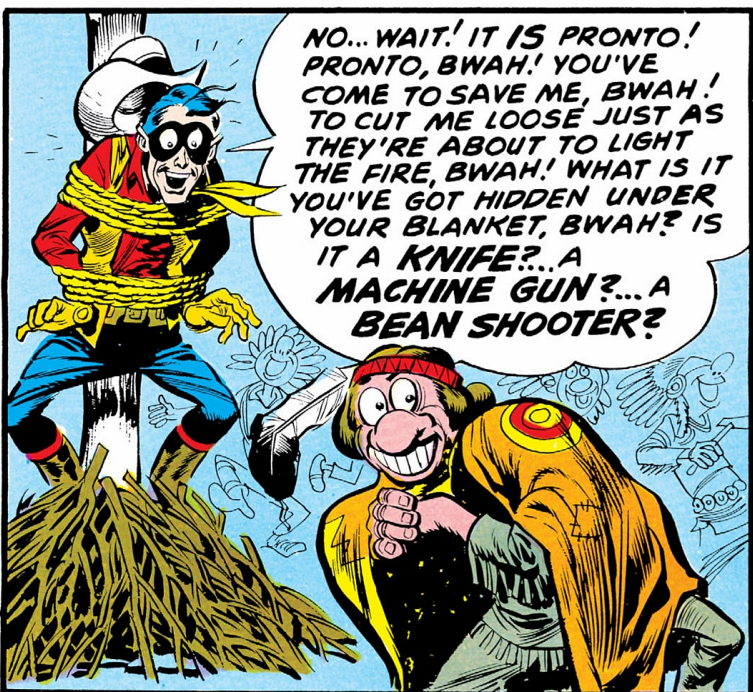
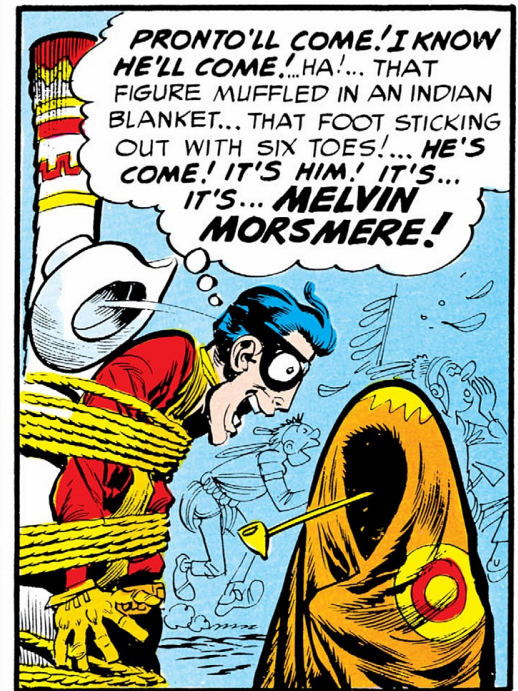
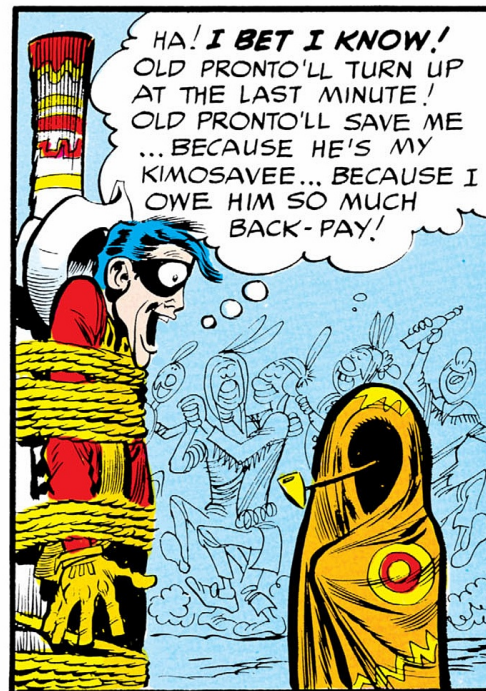
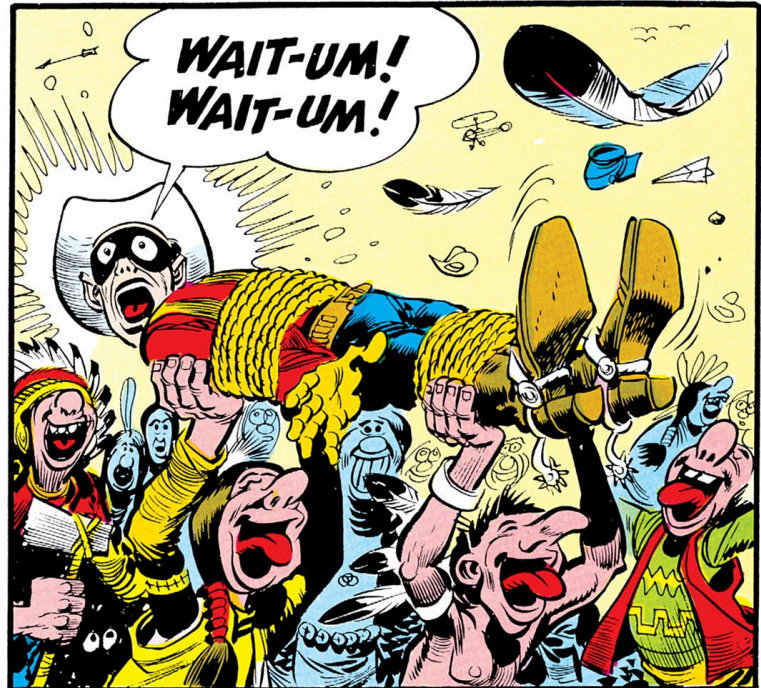
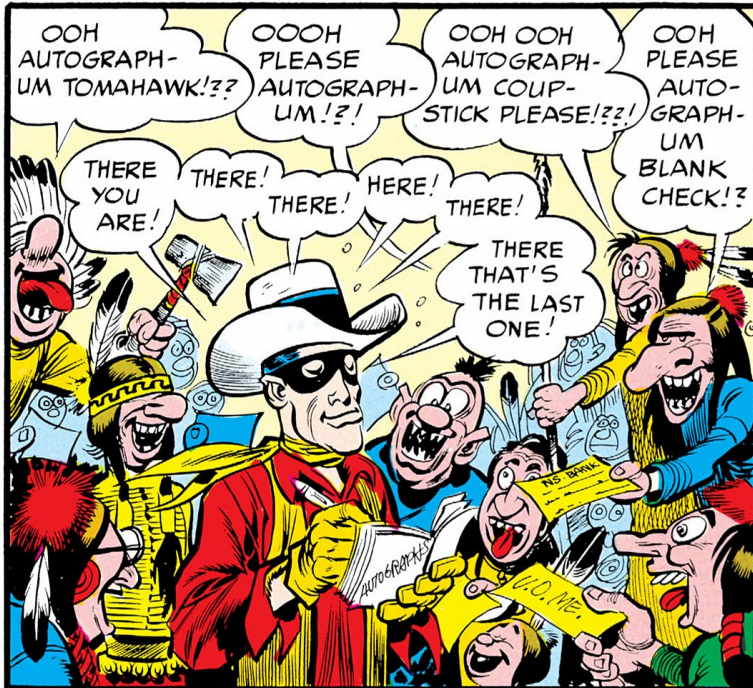
**NO! NO  
SCALPUM!**  
...WE TAKE-  
UM TO  
MYSTERIOUS  
CHIEF WONGA  
FOR EXQUISITE  
TORTURE!

**WAIT-UM!  
WAIT-UM!**

**YOU OOKABOLLAWONGAS CAN'T KILL  
ME! I'VE GOT A RADIO PROGRAM!  
A SERIAL!... I CAN'T BE KILL'T!  
I'M THE LONE STRANGER!**

**THE LO-NE STRANGER!**







**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

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MAD  
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**CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.:** And now the SECOND chapter in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you no doubt recall, in our last chapter, Jones' chief in Washington gave Jones the incredible news that the Russians were manufacturing ARTIFICIAL DIRT. This gave Jones grounds to believe that a filthy plot was underfoot. So on to CHAPTER II of...



... The chief continues: "Can you see what this development can do to our country, man?! Why, this could render the American sod completely useless! And think of all those poor Russian earth-worms crawling through PHONEY dirt!! (sniff-sniff) HORRIBLE! Now here's your assignment, Agent Jones. (By the way, from now on you'll have to go under the code name of SHOVEL.) Your mission, Shovel, is to dig up this dirt plot. It's a dangerous job, Shovel, but we feel you're the best qualified man for the job... seeing that you've been in the UNDERGROUND so long. You'll be picked up by submarine just off the coast under cover of darkness this afternoon at one sharp! The sub will take you behind the Iron Curtain. Got that, SHOVEL!?"



"I'll be there, chief!"

The next scene is the dock under cover of darkness. A submarine chugs up just as Jones arrives carrying a lantern, and an open umbrella, and a bandana containing all his personal belongings tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. The sub itself is a battered old wreck with a figure-head on the prow. It is all patched up with band-aids, and some sailors are plugging up holes with their fingers.

Jones asks the sub's skipper if the sub leaks, saying that the government can't afford security leaks. They enter the sub whose hatches are battened down. The engine is a rubber band (like an airplane model). The sub gets under way beneath the waves. An airplane flies past leisurely. Finally the submarine reaches the Iron Curtain, and some of the crew have to get out to use some braces-and-bits to drill through the curtain. They drill a hole and the sub passes through with ease.

Some time later on a lonely street, a sewer grating is lifted and through it protrudes a submarine periscope with a yellow bloodshot eyeball framed in the glass, as that crazy mixed up *Shovel* digs Moscow.

\* \* \* \* \*

... Well! The plot sickens! We've reached the end of the page, and so we moscow. If you want to find out what happens next in the adventures of *Five Finger Jones*, you'll have to buy another copy of *MAD*! (Boy, have WE got YOU sewed up!)

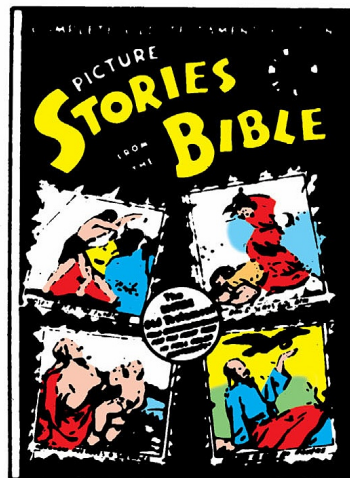


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# MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

...If you ask me, MAD is a disgusting, dirty, no-count comic and shouldn't be on the stands!! But it's just what we want. Keep up the great work.—John Hurt—Elgin, Oregon

...I know you would like to hear from a dissatisfied reader of MAD. That is why I am writing. I think you should be boiled in oil or killed by the death of a thousand cuts. Melvin should sic his apes on you. Your printing presses should be reduced to rubble by one punch from Superduperman, and you should be pummelled with used D.C. comic books. Just in case you are tired of this, I am tired of seeing MAD as a bimonthly comic. How about a *monthly* MAD, please?—Ronald Ketterer, Reading, Pa.

...I dare say you BLUNDERING IDIOTS will never stop making mistakes, will you? I thought you might be a little more careful with *Mad* than you have been with other E.C. mags. But no! You start right in making mistakes in *Mad* too. In issue number six, you told the story of CASEY AT THE BAT. Since Casey was my third uncle, 627½ times removed, when you made the following atrocious error I was very shocked. With the count nothing and two, Casey *removes his teeth* and prepares himself for the next pitch. As it comes, a sneer of satisfaction crosses his face and he *displays a full set of teeth*. Would you kindly let me know where he got the *second set of teeth*? I am deeply distressed at your mistake.—Harry Mitchell Jr.—Mudville, U.S.A.

...Vat's dis? *Mad* only once every *two* months? How dare you! It's inhuman, cruel, and besides, it's not nice! What would Farouk think? Have mercy! Begin publishing that magazine once a month.—Bobby Perry—Auburn, Alabama

...I have read a few of your Mad comics, and in my opinion, I have never seen so silly a book in my life. It gives the child a mean mind and teaches him to hate other nations. I hate comic books for I am a Martian.—Aurtvo Servix—Canal 5, Cave 62

...My son, Gene Sultan, is Bat Boy for the N. Y. Giants, and just before he left for the Polo Grounds today, he begged me to read "Casey at the Bat" in your No. 6 issue of *Mad*. I told him not to annoy me, that I had other more important things to do. However, after he had gone, I thought I would humor him and read the story.

Well, I got such a kick out of it, and had to laugh out loud so many times, that I just felt I had to send you a short note complimenting you. The drawings are a brilliant satire on America's favorite sport. Be-

lieve me, I thoroughly enjoyed it!—Rose Sultan—New York City

...It might interest you to know that my buddy signed over the title to his '40 Plymouth on the condition that I call off his debt of \$165.00 and get him an issue of *Mad*—Bill Wiesenbach—Pensacola, Fla.

...The greatest brains of this school convene and discuss Calculus, Philosophy and *Mad*. This comic book is the only one we deem intelligent enough for our reading.—Some students of the Atascadero Union High School: Grace Woodworth, Tony Wilson, Carol Wilson, Donnadine Uischner, Pat Willey, Gene Dell'Anno, D. Morgan, Barbara Fresbie, Lee Erickson

...I read your issue No. 6 with great interest, even getting so far as the Mad Mumbblings. There I was greatly disappointed to see that you had accepted a letter from some *engineering students as fit to print*. Here in Norfolk we are on the same campus as V.P.I., and I have therefore had experience with engineering students. So I say, and I speak with authority, that engineers do *not* have overracked brains, for they simply have *no brains to be overracked*!

I hope you will take this into consideration when you next receive a letter from one of the characters that live up to the name of your book...MAD!—Chucks Hancox—College of William and Mary, Virginia

...I bought a copy of *Mad*. I have to keep it locked in a safe, and when one of the boys wants to read it, we have to lock all the doors. We classified it "Top Secret." A couple more of those stories and we'll have the enemy licked.—Howard Griffith—U.S. Naval Air Base, Virginia

...I know your staff will not print this because they fear that if they do, some of their readers will be converted to the good way of life. The men who think up such stories must be possessed by the devil! I have glanced through your book. I was lucky to live just glancing through. Death to you fiends!—David Allesio—Pittsfield, Mass.

In closing, a reminder JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! (See inside front cover for details.) Subscriptions...75c...six issues! Keep writing. We need the cancelled stamps! Address for mail or sub orders is:

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Room 706, Dept. 8  
225 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N. Y.



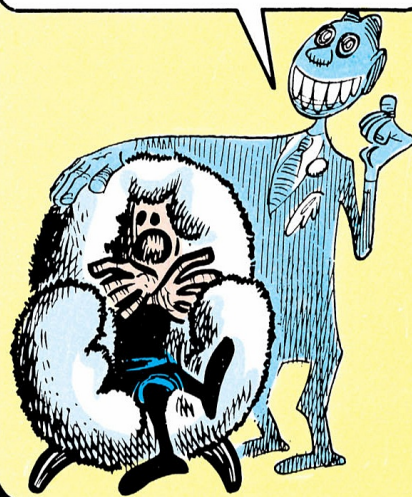
**COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.:**  
ON THE FOLLOWING SIX  
PAGES, YOUR MANAGING  
EDITOR PRESENTS SIX  
MORE OF THE EARLY  
CREATIONS OF **HARVEY  
KURTZMAN!**... SIX MORE  
EXAMPLES OF THAT ZANY  
NONSENSE CALLED...

# HEY LOOK

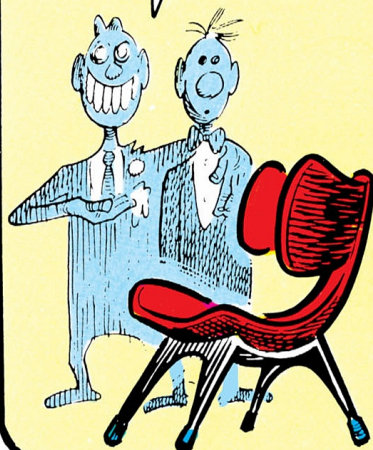
YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS  
CHAIR **FITS** YOU WHEN YOU  
SIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN  
PAYMENT...



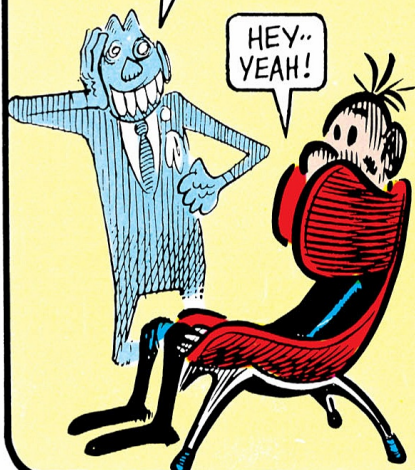
..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR  
TO RELAX IN, NOTICE HOW THIS  
ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND  
FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN  
PAYMENT...



NOW, HERE'S A SIM-  
PLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR  
THAT IS VERY UNIQUE.  
IT **GRIPS** YOU!



HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND  
NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICAL-  
LY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR  
A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



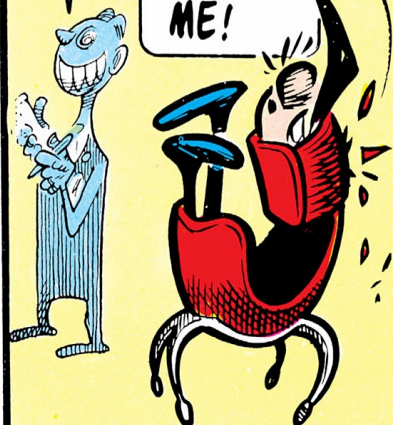
..YOU CAN  
FOLLOW OUR  
EASY PAY-  
MENT PLAN..

BOY! DOES  
THIS GRIP!



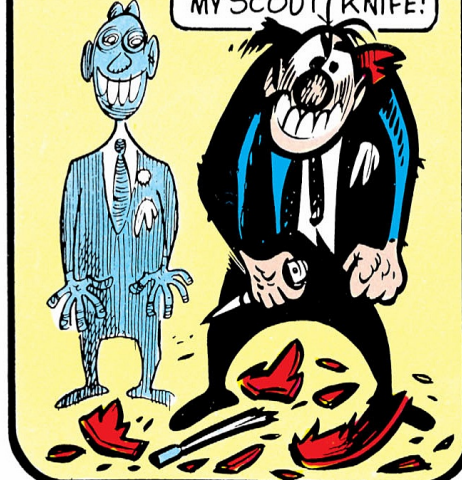
...IN  
NO  
TIME..

HEY! THIS  
CHAIR IS  
TRYING  
TO EAT  
ME!



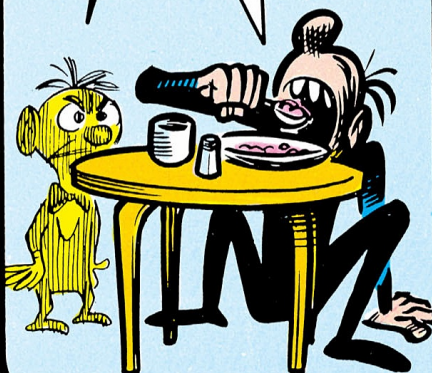
WO  
HOPPEN?

THIS CHAIR  
GRIPS TOO  
MUCH! LUCKY  
I HAD  
MY SCOUT KNIFE!



HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING  
TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?

EH! IT'S SAFER  
SITTING ON THE  
FLOOR!





# HEY LOOK

H. Kurtz &

COME, MY  
FRIEND "I'D  
LIKE YOU TO  
SEE THE FIRE-  
PLACE I  
BOUGHT THE  
OTHER DAY!

NOTICE--HOW WHEN I PRESS  
THE BUTTON ON THE FIREPLACE  
--WE HAVE A RADIO AND TELE-  
VISION!

OOH!

..AND NOTICE--HOW WHEN I  
PUSH THIS BUTTON ON THE  
FIREPLACE, WE HAVE A BAR  
AND A TELEPHONE!

AAH!

..AND NOTICE--HOW WHEN  
I PUSH THIS BUTTON ON  
THE FIREPLACE, WE HAVE  
A COLLAPSING BED!

OH!

..AND NOTICE...HOW WHEN  
I PUSH THIS BUTTON ON  
THE FIREPLACE, WE HAVE A  
SHOWER WITH HOT AND  
COLD RUNNING WATER!

EEEE!

HMMMMM?

?

?

SNAP!

WELL...WHY SHUN'T  
A FIREPLACE BURN A  
FIRE AS WELL AS  
EVERYTHING ELSE?

HUH?

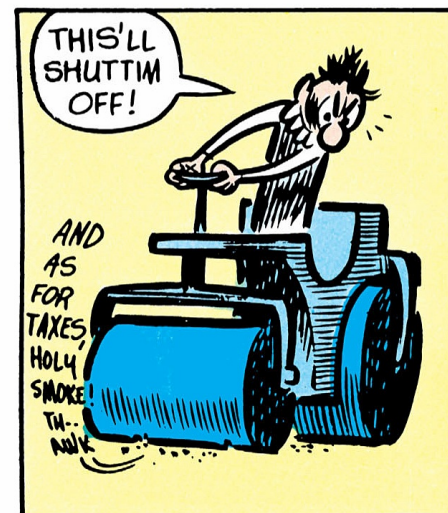
WHY  
SHUN'T  
IT?

YOU  
SORE?

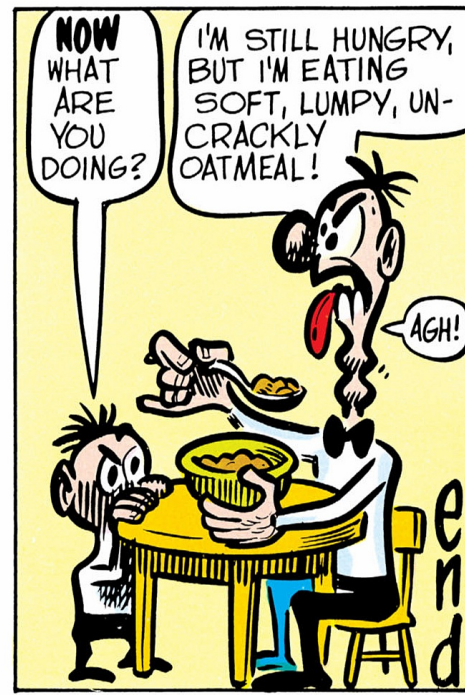
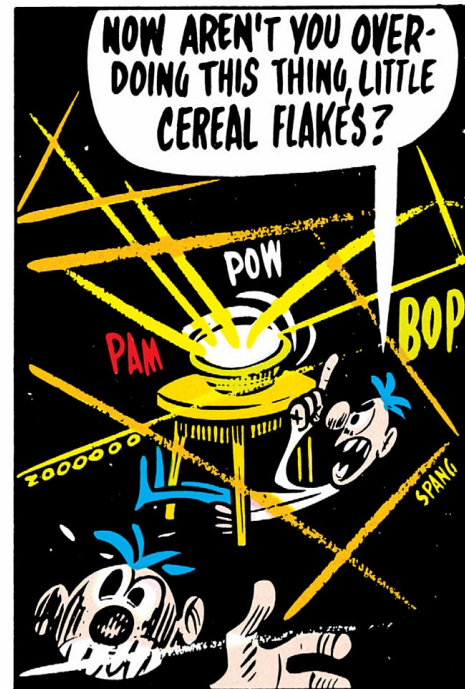
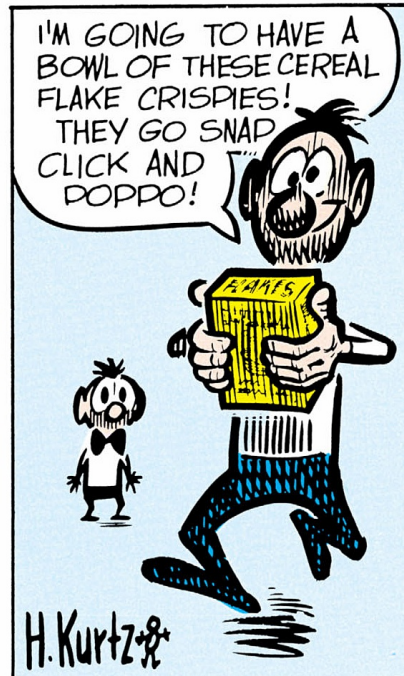
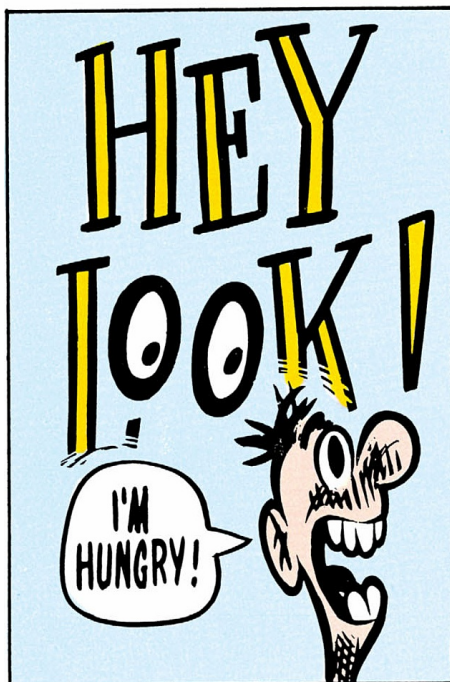
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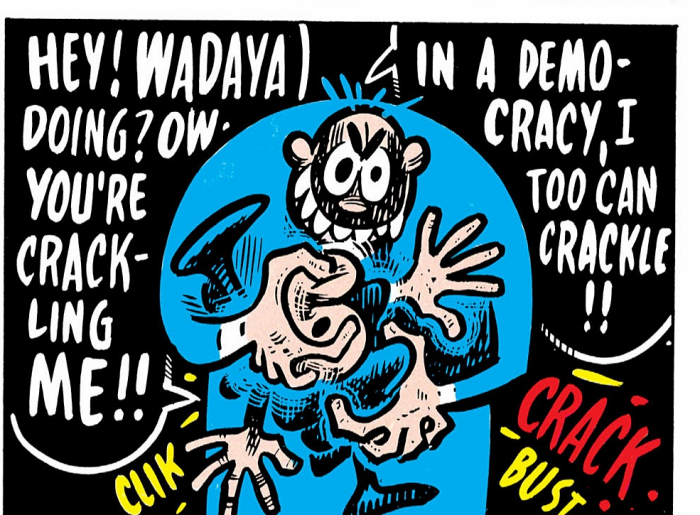
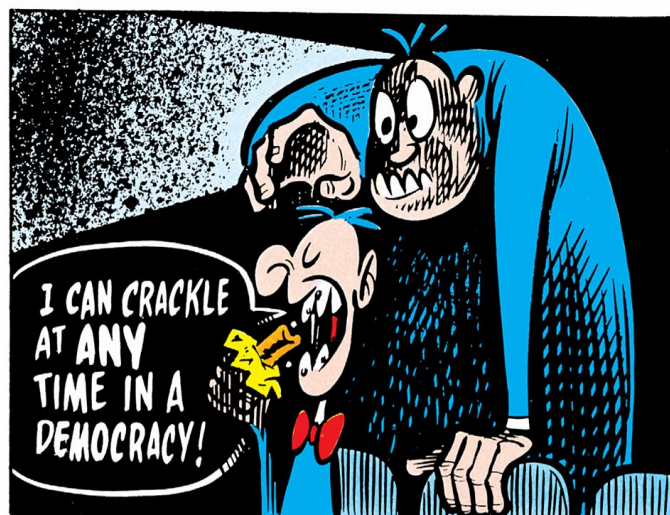
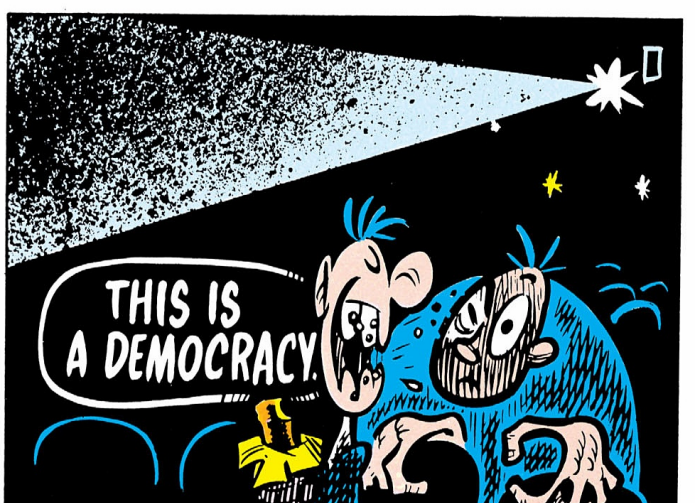
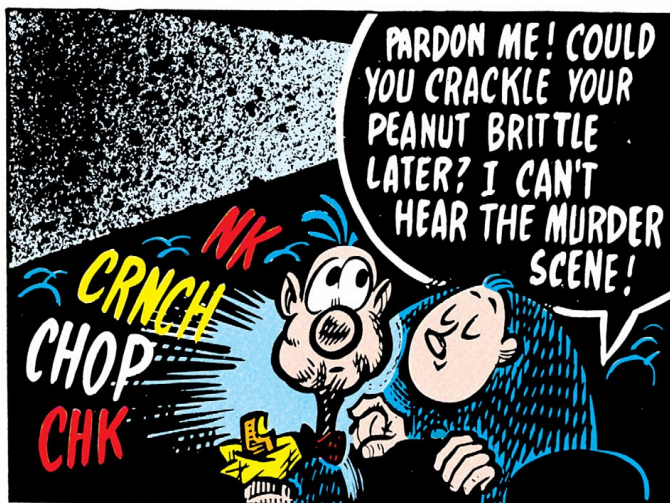
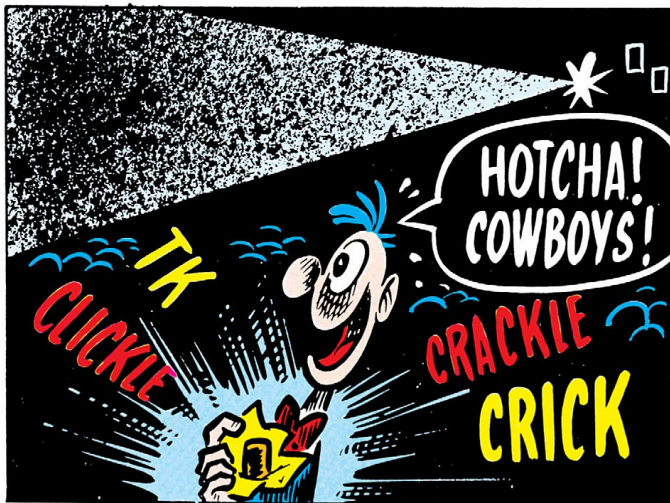
**HEY  
LOOK!**



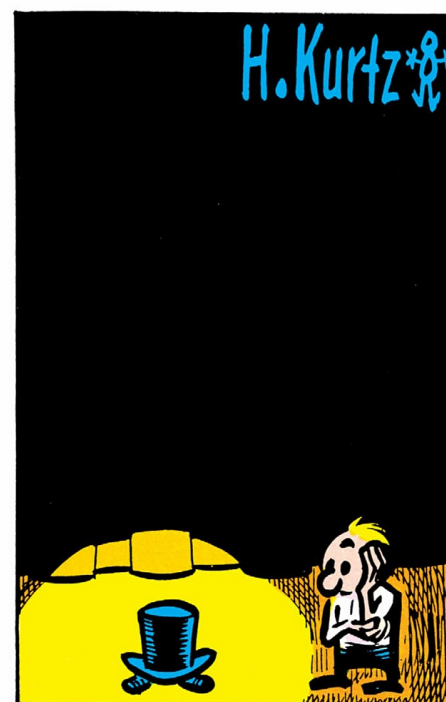
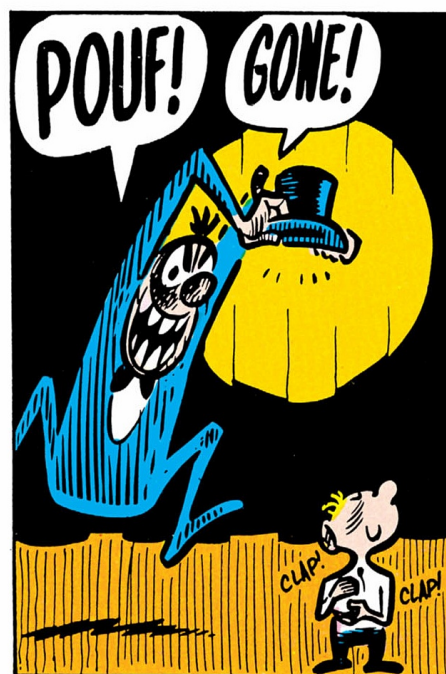
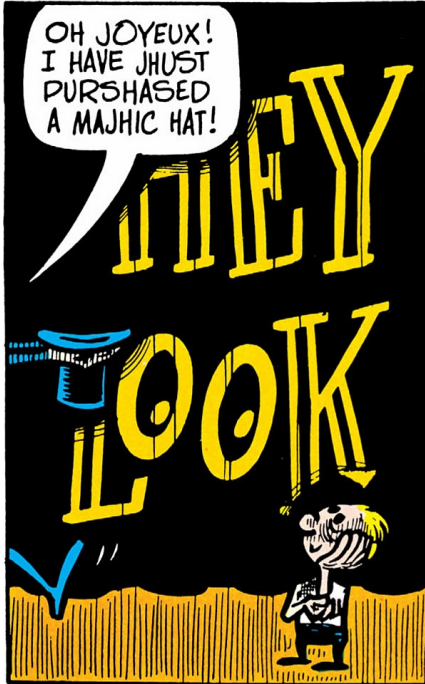








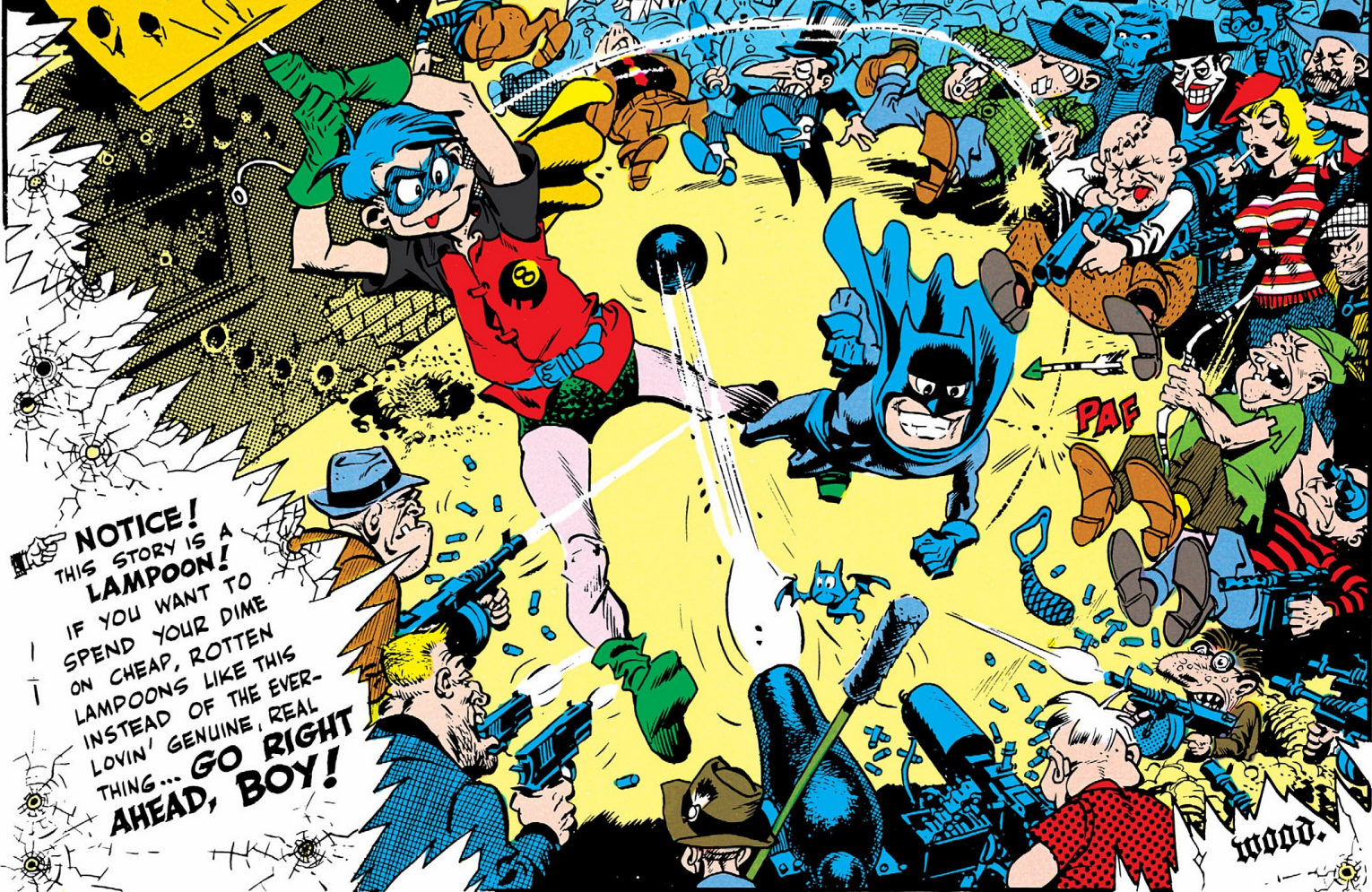






**HERO WORSHIP DEPT.:** YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... **THIS STORY, THEN...** HAS **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING** TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

# BAT BOY AND RUBIN!



**NOTICE!**  
THIS STORY IS A  
**LAMPOON!**  
IF YOU WANT TO  
SPEND YOUR DIME  
ON CHEAP, ROTTEN  
LAMPOONS LIKE THIS  
INSTEAD OF THE EVER-  
LOVIN' GENUINE, REAL  
THING... **GO RIGHT  
AHEAD, BOY!**

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! THE WHOLE GANG OF CROOKS IS GETTING READY TO **CHARGE!** SHOULD WE:

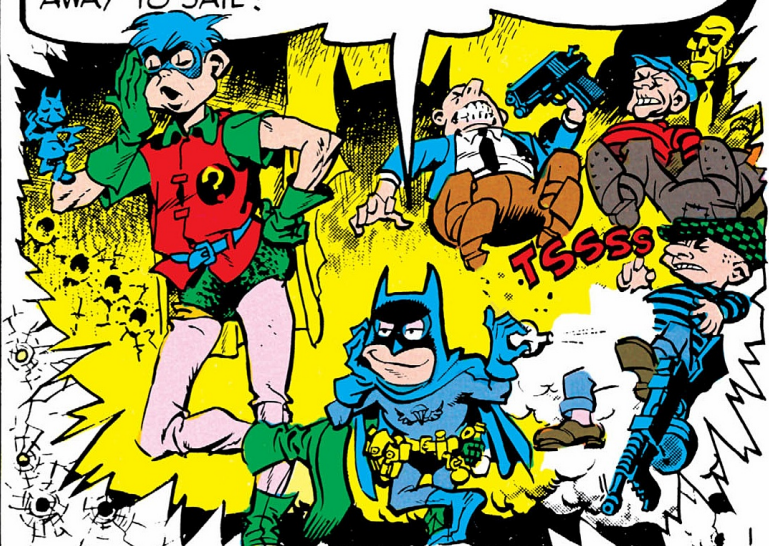
- (a) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR FISTS?
- (b) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR WEAPONS?
- (c) RUN?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE SHALL DO, RUBIN! WE SHALL DO THE **MORAL** THING, THE **NOBLE** THING, THE THING OUR PUBLIC WOULD **EXPECT** US TO DO!

...WE RUN!

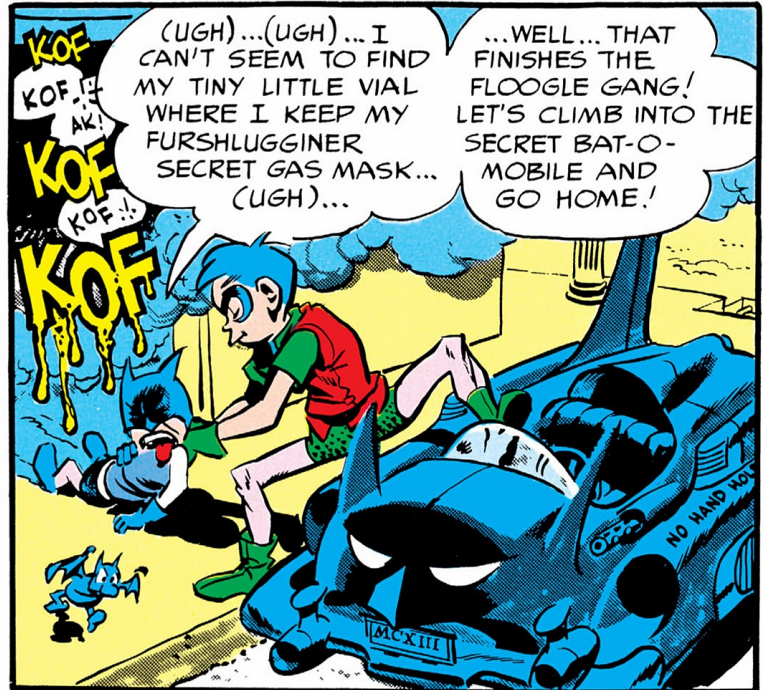
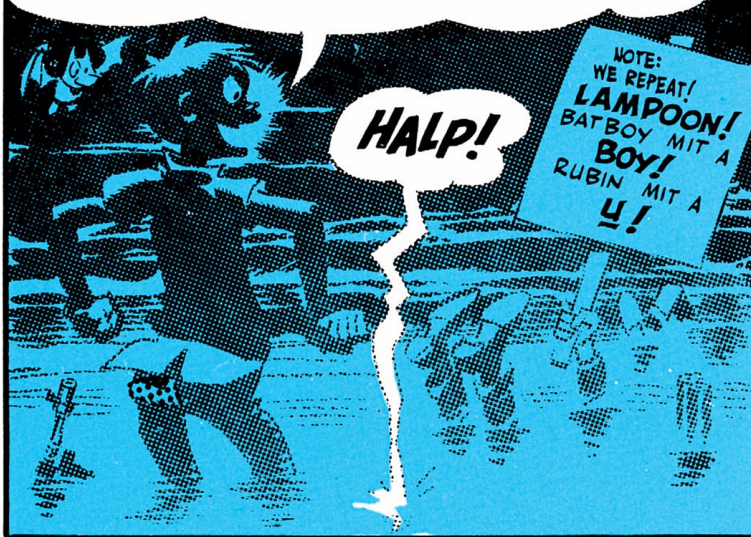
...BUT WAIT...

...IT JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE IN ONE OF THE LITTLE COMPARTMENTS OF MY WEAPON'S BELT, A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS **JUST** LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM AWAY TO JAIL!





WOW, BAT BOY! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY CARRIED A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT BLINDS GANGSTERS AND A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT TURNS GANGSTERS FRIENDLY... BUT NOT A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT **PARALYZES** GANGSTERS!



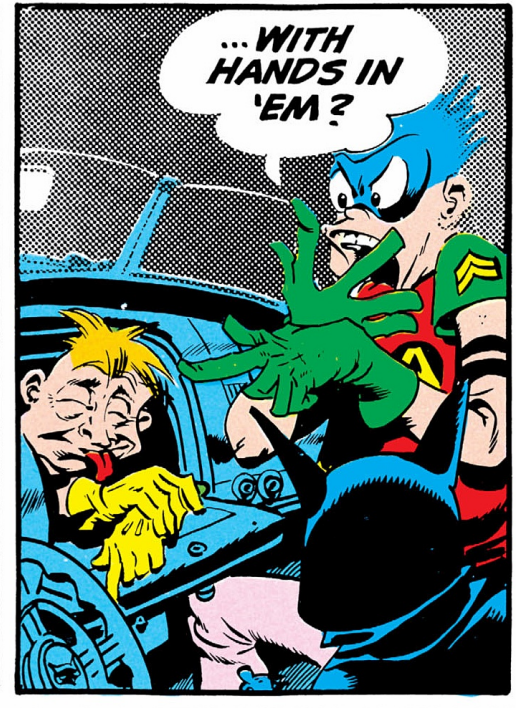
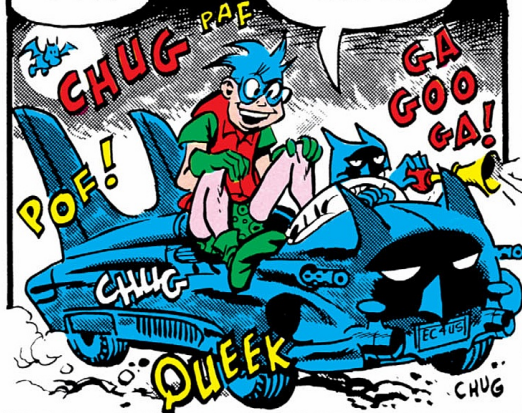
WITH THE CLEANING UP OF THE FLOOGLE GANG, WE HAVE PROBABLY ENDED THE WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS THAT HAVE PLAGUED COSMOPOLIS CITY!

(COUGH) (COUGH) ...DRAFTED SECRET GAS! ...HAND ME A KLEENEX FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, WILL YOU, RUBE'Z?

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! BAT BOY! ...L-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! A...A...A...THAT'S IT! A ROAD MAP FROM THE A.A.A... AND A PAIR OF GLOVES!

SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE GLOVES IN A GLOVE COMPARTMENT?

...WITH HANDS IN 'EM?

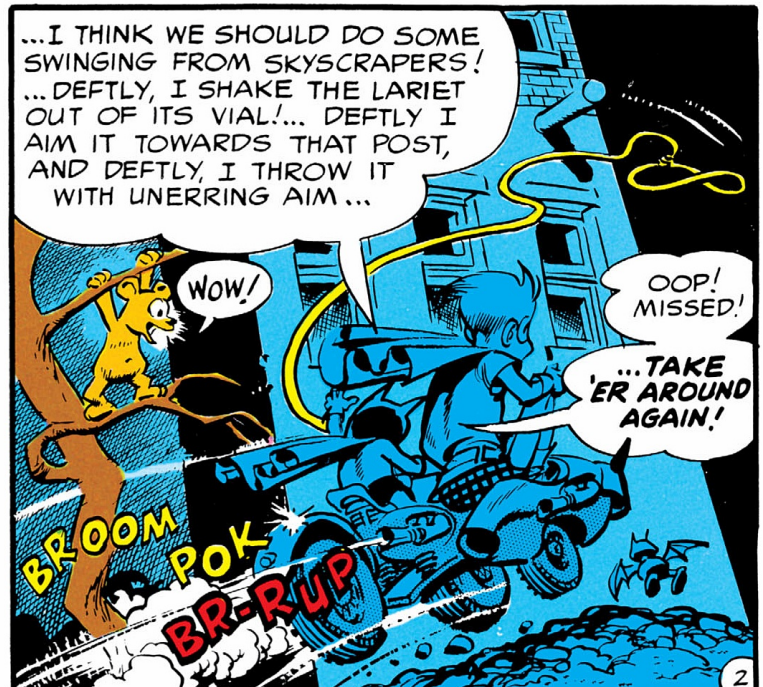
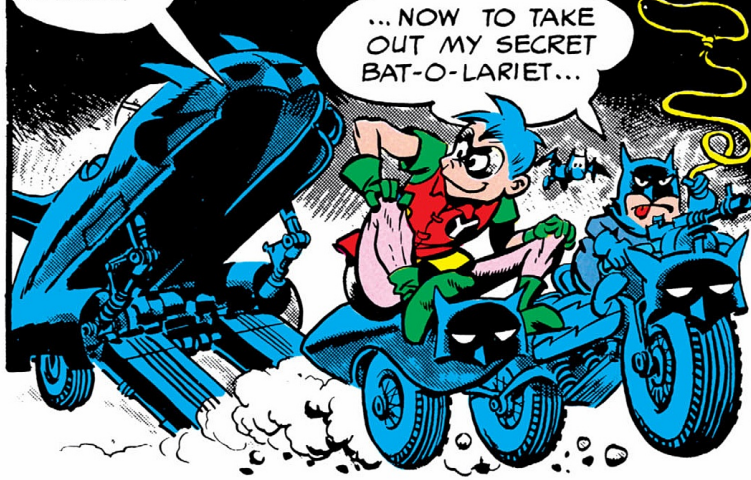


A BODY!... KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS ALL THE OTHERS! THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE!

QUICKLY!... ONTO OUR SECRET BAT-O-CYCLE! OBVIOUSLY THE KILLINGS WERE NOT THE WORK OF THE **FLOOGLE** GANG BUT I THINK THEY'RE THE WORK OF THE **FLEAGLE** GANG!

...NOW TO TAKE OUT MY SECRET BAT-O-LARIET...

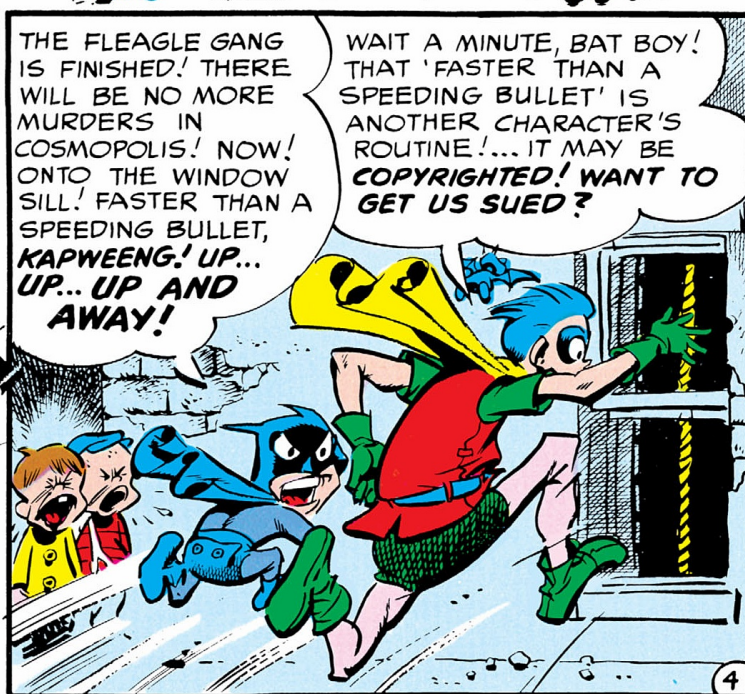
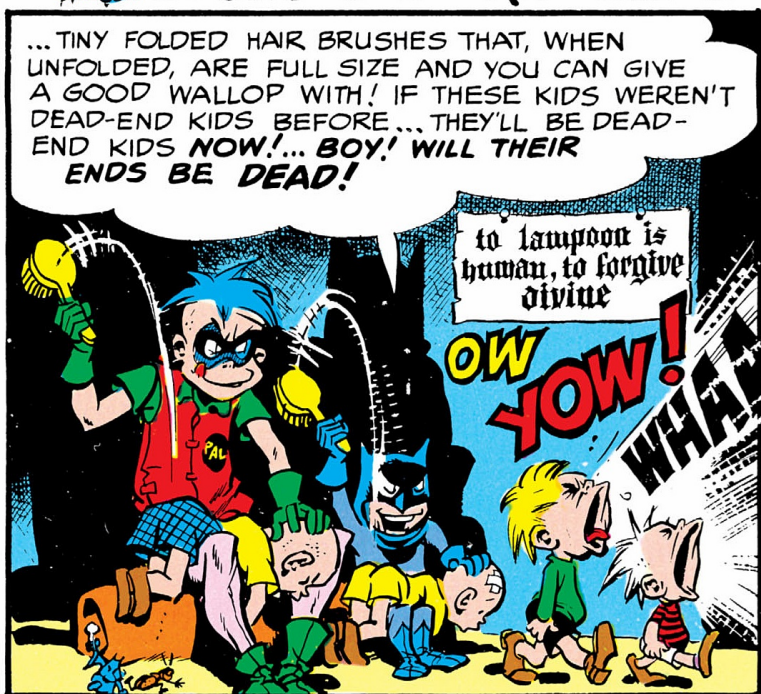
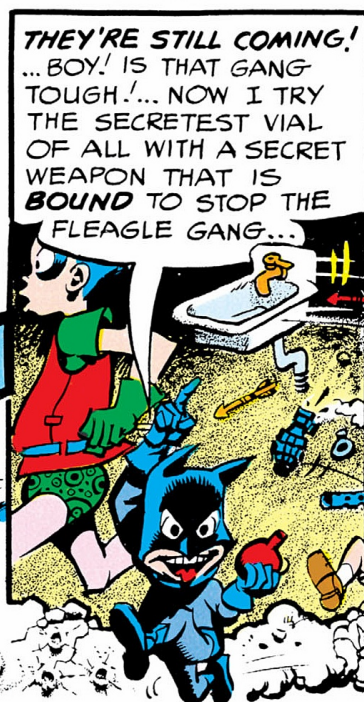
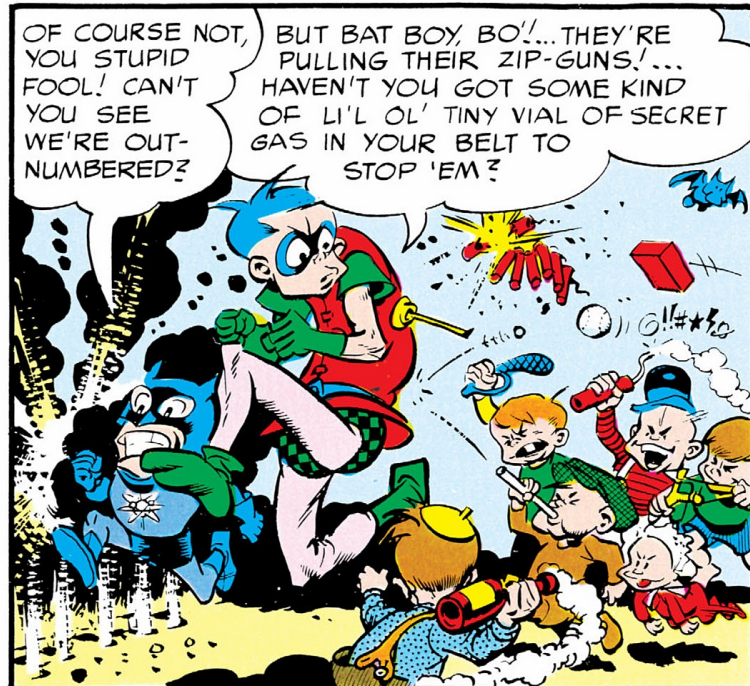
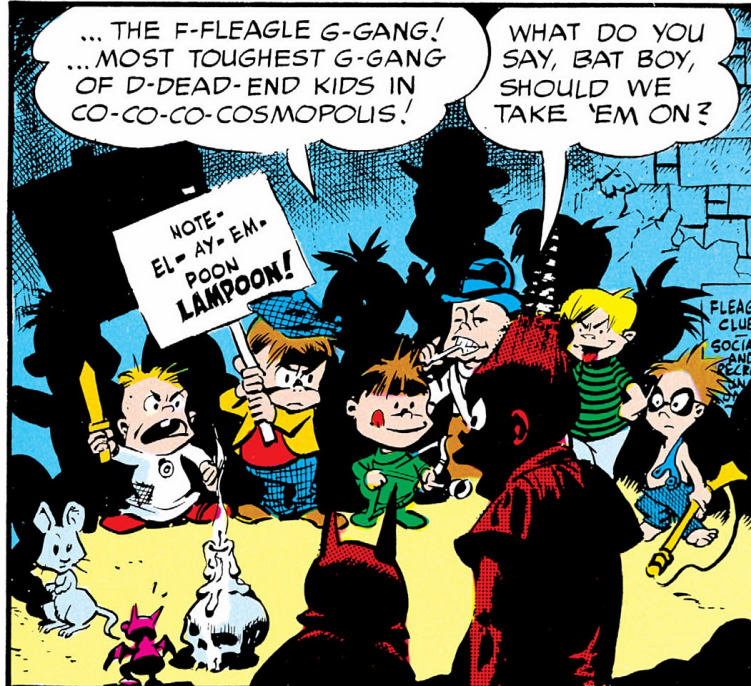
...I THINK WE SHOULD DO SOME SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPERS! ...DEFTLY, I SHAKE THE LARIET OUT OF ITS VIAL!... DEFTLY I AIM IT TOWARDS THAT POST, AND DEFTLY, I THROW IT WITH UNERRING AIM...









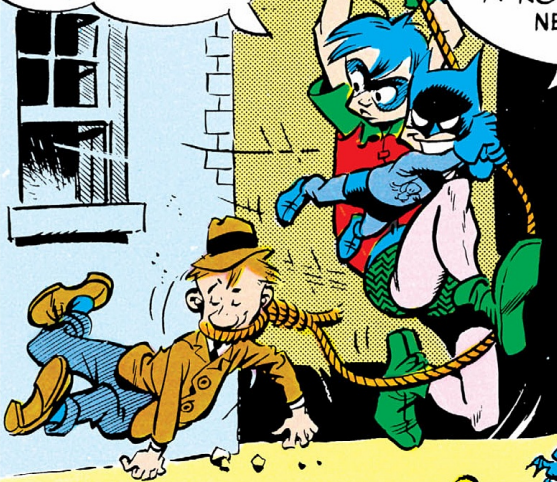




...AND NOW... WE DEFTLY SWING OUT ON OUR ROPE... **HEY! SOMEONE ELSE IS SWINGING ON THIS ROPE!**

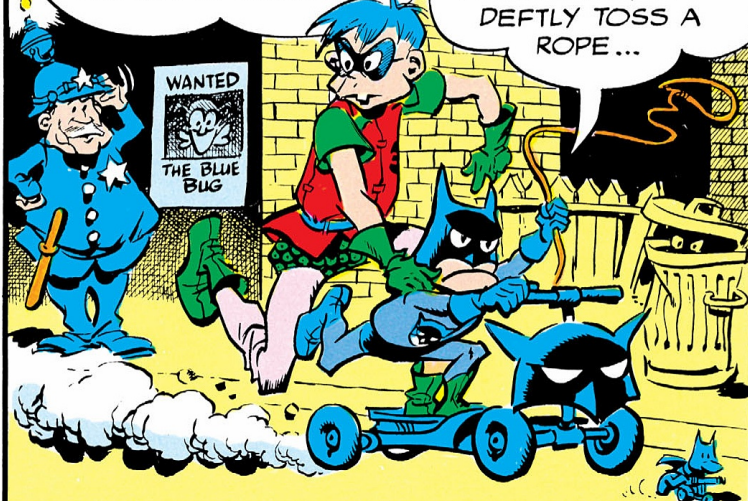
HA BOY! WHAT A CLUMSY DOPE... TRYING TO HORN IN ON OUR ACT! WHO EVER HEARD OF SWINGING ON A ROPE BY THE NECK!

**note:**  
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS LAMPOON AND ANY OTHER LAMPOON IS STRICTLY A LAMPOON.



**BY THE NEECK?**  
... THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE WORK OF THE SAME MURDERER OF THE OTHER BODIES!... QUICK!... ONTO THE BAT-O-WAGON!

... THERE IS ONLY ONE GANG LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS THAT COULD'VE DONE THIS... THE **FLURGLE GANG!**... NOW I DEFTLY TOSS A ROPE...



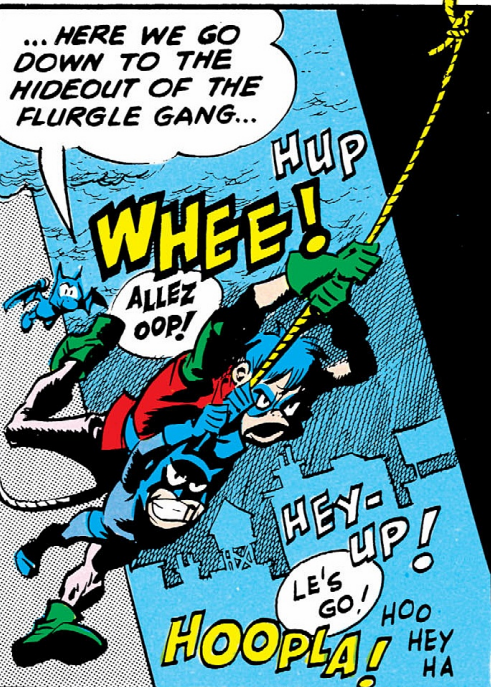
... HERE WE GO DOWN TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE FLURGLE GANG...

**HUP WHEE!**

ALLEZ OOP!

HEY-UP!

LE'S GO! HOO HEY HA **HOOPLA!**



**OOPS!**

**SCREECH!**



HIP! HO! HEP! HUP! LE'S GO! HUP! HEY UP!



NOW WHAT? WE CAN'T SWING IN EITHER DIRECTION BECAUSE WE'VE LOST MOMENTUM! I HAD THIS WHOLE BOTTLE FULL OF MOMENTUM IN MY POCKET AND I LOST IT!... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

... THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE, RUBIN! ONE HAS MERELY TO LET GO OF THE ROPE AND DROP DEFTLY TO THE GROUND...



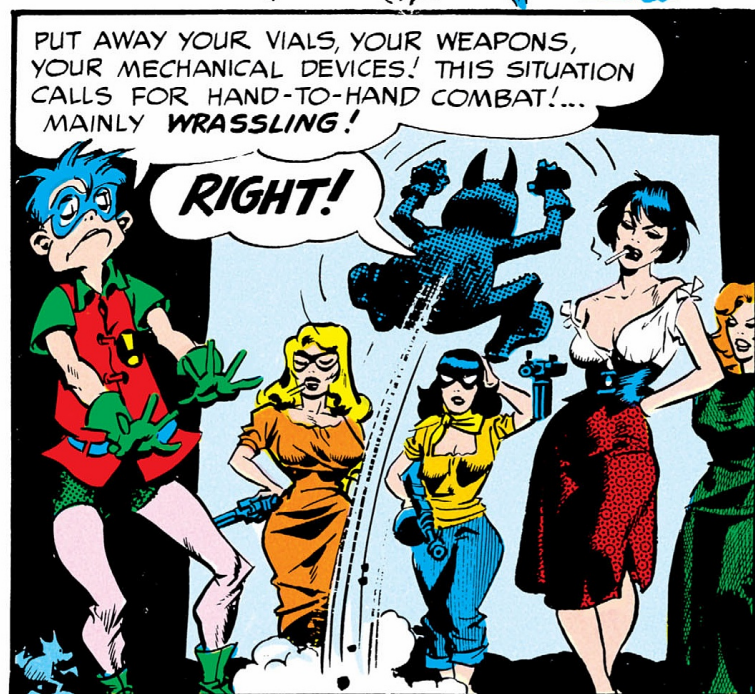
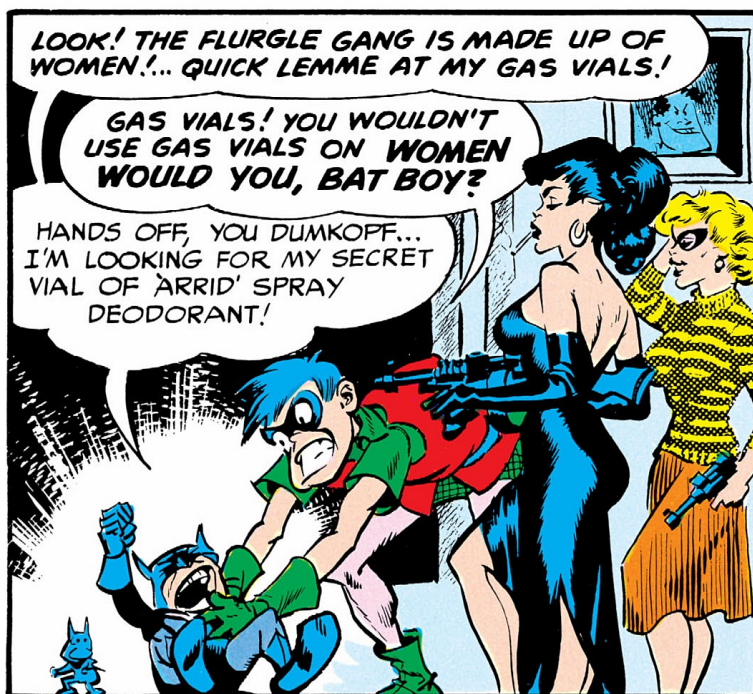
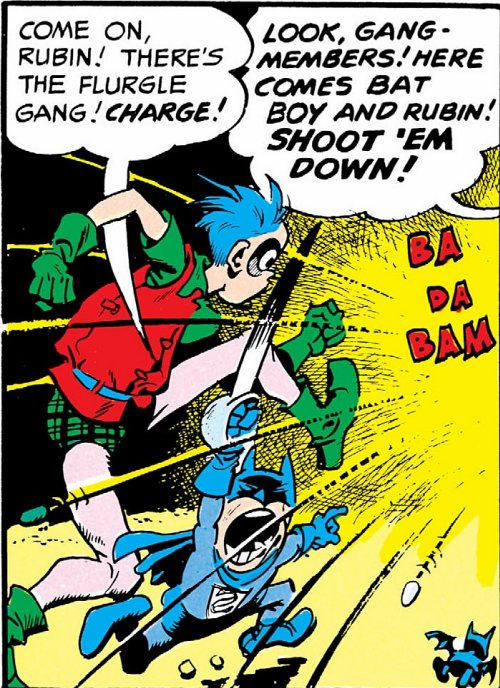
**CRASH!**



...OF COURSE... THE SHOCK OF THE 20 STORY FALL TO THE GROUND IS TAKEN UP BY THE SECRET SPRINGS ONE HAS IN THE TINY VIALS OF THE WEAPONS BELT... THAT IS... IF ONE **HAS** A WEAPONS BELT!

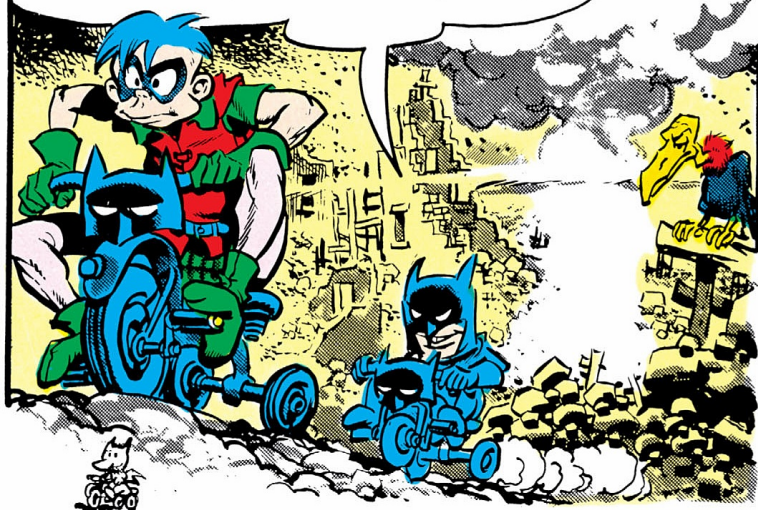








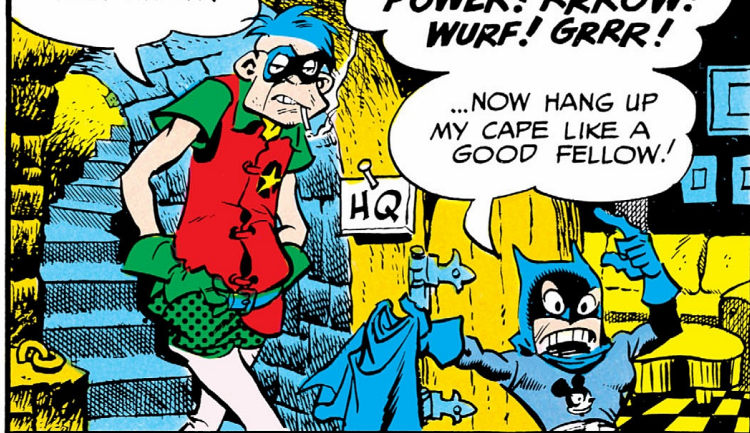
WELL - P... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FLURGLE GANG!... THERE ARE NO MORE GANGS LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS! LETS HOP ONTO OUR BAT-O-CYCLES AND PEDAL HOME TO HEADQUARTERS!



PHEW! WHAT A DAY! SOMETIMES I WONDER, SINCE YOU ARE A WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE IN REAL LIFE, WHY YOU KEEP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT ON THIS 'BAT BOY' KICK! IT DON'T PAY, YOU KNOW!

RUBIN! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE BESIDES MONEY... **FINER** THINGS! ...THINGS THAT CANNOT BE **BOUGHT**... THINGS MUCH **BETTER!** **FINER** THAN MONEY!... THINGS LIKE ... LIKE ... **LIKE POWER! RRROW! WURF! GRRR!**

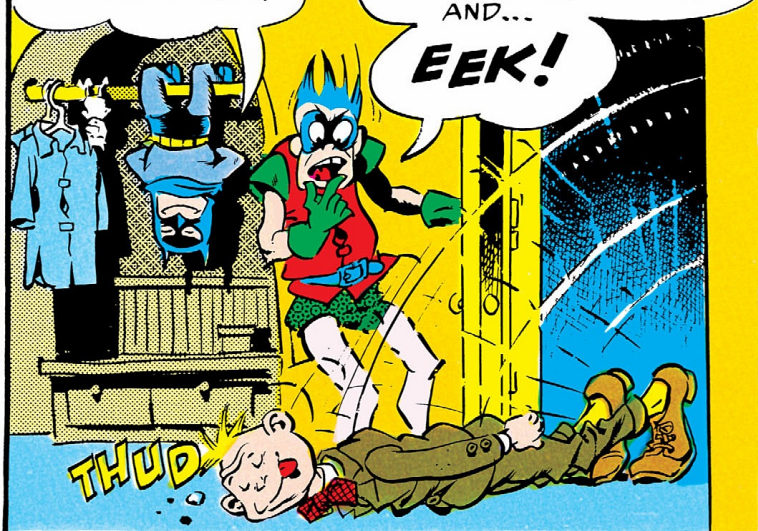
...NOW HANG UP MY CAPE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!



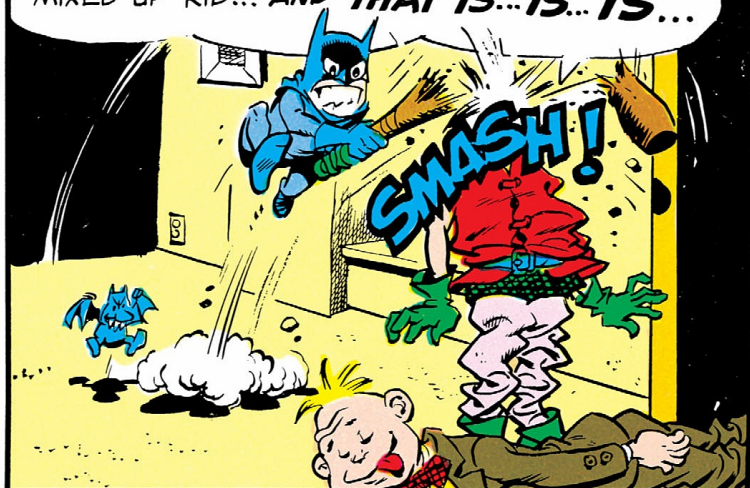
HANG UP MY CAPE WHILE I TAKE A NAP, KID! CALL ME IF ANY CRIMINALS START FOOLING AROUND IN COSMOPOLIS!

TAKING YOUR NAP IN YOUR USUAL BAT POSITION, EH, BATBOY? ...I'LL JUST HANG YOUR CAPE IN YOUR CLOSET AND...

**EEK!**



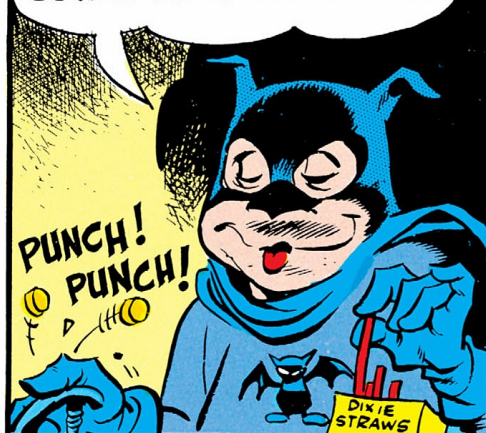
ANOTHER DEAD BODY... KILLED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS! THE FLOOGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLEAGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLURGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT!... THEN THE MURDERER CAN ONLY BE **ONE** OTHER PERSON ... **ONE** OTHER PERSON... **ONE** CRAZY MIXED UP KID... **AND THAT IS... IS... IS...**



YES, RUBIN! THE VICTIM IS KILLED IN THE SAME WAY!... **TWO TINY HOLES ON THE VICTIM'S BODY... TWO TINY HOLES IN THE VEIN OF THE VICTIM'S BIG TOE...**



...**TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY THE MURDERER... TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY ME WITH MY CONDUCTOR'S PUNCHER... FOR YOU SEE, RUBIN, I AM NO FURSHLUGGINER... ORDINARY BATBOY!...**



**I... AM A VAMPIRE BATBOY!**

